THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1804.

CONTAINING

Precipitate .... *Page* 231
Genius Genuine, by Samuel Chifney 231
Fox Hounds—Marquis of Huntley's 233
Mr. Dickinson's 233
Stag Hounds 234
Hatfield Coursing 234
Madame Demidoff's Diamonds; or, the Female Gambler of Quality . 235
Old English Huntsman and Mole-Catcher 237
Mrs. Lee, the Helen of Bolton Row, and the Gordons—Introductory Particulars and first Examination 242
Second Examination 243
The Dream 246
Third and final Examination 247
Mr. Underwood passionately in Love with Mrs. Lee 250
Affection and Sagacity in Dogs 251
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry 252
Madman and Sportsman 258
Battle between a Tiger and an Alligator 259
Humourous Origin of Names 260
Old English Hospitality, during the Festival of Christmas, at Houghton Hall, the Seat of the Earl of Cholmondeley 261
Result of the Grand Rowing Match between London and Gravesend 262
Theatricals—Drury Lane—The Soldiers Daughter 263
Observations on the celebrated Canine Performer of Drury Lane Theatre 267
Names of Hounds 271
Boxing—Tom Blake, alias Tom Tough, and Jack Holmes 271
To produce a Yellow Rose without a Thorn 273
To make an Aquatic Garden 273
Ramble from Bristol to Mount Mendip 274
The Farm Yard 281
Law Case—Potter *v.* Barnett 281
Pedestrian Wager 282
Agility and Cruelty 282
Feast of Wit 283
Sporting Intelligence 285

POETRY.

The Hen and Hat-Box 289
Song 289
Prologue to the Soldier's Daughter 290
Epilogue to the same 291
Lines on the Death of Mr. Charles Russell 292
Hunting Song 292

Embellished with I. *Precipitate, an Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting by Mr. Marshall.* II. *The Farm Yard, a Sketch from Morland, by Bell.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

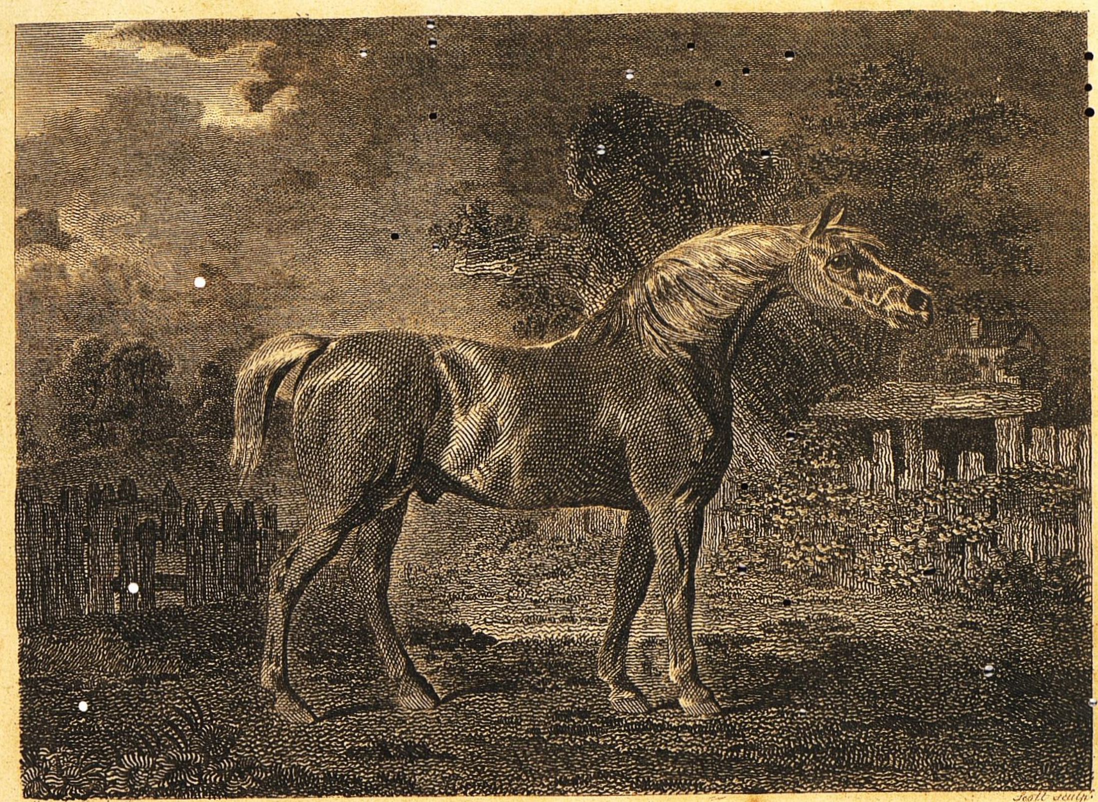
We thank our correspondent Equinus for his Observations upon Mr. Blaine's Domestic Treatise on the Diseases of Horses and Dogs; but if he refers to our Twenty-first Volume, page 327, he will there find an ample account of that valuable performance.

Brimber Crack, whose communications are much approved, will perceive that we have availed ourselves of two of them this month. The rest shall have due attention; but we should like—if any be intended—to receive the conclusion of the Fox-Chase in Lincolnshire, before we insert the former part.

A. B.—T. N.—and J. J. B.—are received, and only wait opportunity, in consequence of the press of temporary matter.

Venator's excellent Hunting Song, &c. is received. His animated encomium upon the Sporting Magazine, as an entertaining miscellany, we shall endeavour to merit; and are sorry to add, that his communications came too late for insertion this month.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Marshall pinx. Scott sculp.

Precipitate.

Pub. [illegible] by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1804.

PRECIPITATE.

Faithfully painted from the Life, by Mr. Marshall, and engraved by Mr. Scott.

PRECIPITATE—bred by the Earl of Egremont, foaled in 1787—by Mercury; his dam by Herod; grand dam, Maiden, by Matchem, out of Mr. Pratt's famous Squirt mare.

Precipitate is engraved and here given to shew the superiority of blood horses to all others, as there is not a purpose for which horses are used but Precipitate would have excelled, having bone, weight, strength, and bulk, sufficient for the waggon and every employment in agriculture: as a coach horse, nothing could be better adapted; his beautiful shape and symmetry will convince every judge what a roadster, charger, or hunter, he might have been; and what a racer he was, the Calendars will testify.

N. B. His winnings, and the horses he beat, shall be given in our next Magazine.

GENIUS GENUINE.

By Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket.

THE early advertisements, announcing this publication, brought us several letters from correspondents, with a sort of anticipation of its contents; and some of them not very favourable to the author. Some remarks were likewise bestowed on the price of the intended work. The whole of the observations, respecting the contents, we believe to be erroneous; and, to shew which, we shall go through the book at our leisure, with impartiality and attention. In respect to the price, it was first advertised at two pounds; then at five pounds; and now, as appears by an advertisement on the cover of our present month's Magazine, it is to be sold at one pound.

The book being advertised to be published on a specific day, and not being brought out as promised, led to the suggestion that the advertisement was meant to attain a very different object from that conveyed

 by

by its insertion in the public papers. But Mr. Chifney tells his readers—"That, from unforeseen circumstances, the author has been prevented publishing his book at the time intended."

Without further preface, we shall now only give the Table of Contents, and the first short article of "Abuses gone Abroad," which precedes the general subject of the work.

CONTENTS.

Abuses that are gone abroad.
Reasons for this Publication.
Scota at Lewes.
Magpie and Seagull.
Traveller and Highlander.
Pegasus and Cardock.
Traveller and Creeper.
Occurrences relative to Escape.
Escape's great Change in his Running.
Escape and Grey Diomed.
Escape's Losing and Winning.
Mr. Warwick Lake's severe saying to the Prince of Wales.
Mr. Warwick Lake's and Frank Neale's infernal Conduct.
Occurrences on the day following my riding Escape on the 21st of October, 1791.
The Prince's Question to Chifney.
The Prince and Sir Charles Bunbury on the subject of Escape.
The Stewards of the Jockey Club examine Chifney.
Sir Charles Bunbury telling the Prince of Wales no Gentleman would start against him.
References to some recent Facts, as furnishing positive Proofs that the Misrepresentations of my Conduct in riding Escape, on the 21st of October, 1791, still operate cruelly against me; and rendering indispensible the Publication of my Narrative.
Mr. Cookson taking Chifney off his horse, Sir Harry, at York, &c.
Affidavit on Escape's running.
To those not well acquainted with the Turf, respecting Horses Changing in their Running.
Mr. W. Lake and Neale telling the Prince Chifney had lost on His Royal Highness's Horse Fitzwilliam.
Duke of Bedford taking Chifney off his Horses.
Duke of Bedford taking Chifney off his Horse Fidget.
Paul and Augusta run twice on the same day.
Riding with a loose Rein.
Reasons why the Turf Horses degenerate; and Guides to recover them to their Strength and Speed.

ABUSES THAT ARE GONE ABROAD.

I am repeatedly told, by respectable people, and from all quarters, that it is talked in their counties that Chifney lost intentionally upon His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's horse Escape, at Newmarket, on the 20th of October, 1791; and after Escape had pulled up on this said race, to walk back to scale, that Chifney was laughing to the Prince of Wales because he had got Escape beat; and then, to suit their wicked construction, they said, and I find that it is sent out to the world, that the Prince won such an immense sum of money upon Escape the following day; and that the Prince gives Chifney two hundred guineas a year for his life, after his losing this said race with Escape.

(To be continued.)

FOX

FOX HOUNDS.

MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY'S.

(Communicated by a Nobleman.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOU will oblige me, by inserting in your excellent Magazine, the following remarkable fox chase—

The Marquis of Huntley, having lent his fox hounds to his friend, the Honourable Mr. Maule, they had, on Thursday the 12th of January, a most uncommon day's sport. It being a very blustering windy day, they therefore tried a small cover; found; on the first challenge went away close to his brush, and, after a short but sharp burst, killed.

They then tried a large cover; when eight couple of hounds unkennelled a fox, went away with him, and soon crossed a river, so wide and so much overflowed, that Thomas Walker, the huntsman, (late huntsman to the Northumberland hounds) was unable to follow them; he therefore sent the second whipper-in some miles to a bridge; and, in returning himself to the cover, saw part of the hounds, consisting of five couple, made up with them, and attended by Mr. Gordon, of Aberdour, and Captain Harris, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, after a severe run of eighteen miles through a strong and stiff country, killed him in view.—On his return, he met the first whipper-in, who, with the body of the hounds, had killed his fox; and when the second whipper-in got round to the eight couple of hounds, he found them tearing their's. Thus, besides the fox killed in the morning, the pack, consisting of twenty eight couple, dividing into three parts, killed a brace and a half of foxes, after severe runs with each.

The Marquis of Huntley's hounds, though formed hardly a year, bid fair to rival most packs; and, as no pains are spared, and being manned and horsed in a superior manner, no fox can stand before them. They killed four brace of foxes the week in which the above chase took place.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Philorth House, Aberdeenshire,
February 9, 1804.

MR. DICKINSON'S.

THE hounds of Mr Dickinson, who hunts the country about Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, met with the following curious circumstance—

A fox was taken alive, and for two or three days previously to his being turned out, was shut up in a shed very near the kennel. On the day appointed, he was taken in a bag, and turned out into a piece of furze, about thirteen miles from home. After allowing him about a quarter of an hour's law, the hounds were dashed into the covert, and instantly broke in full cry, when, after a sharp burst of twenty minutes, the huntsman found his error, in that they had run the *heel* of a shepherd's dog. The owner of the pack, not a little piqued for the credit of his hounds, proposed to try back, and they went again to the furze, where the fox was first loosed. As soon as they had put the terrier into the furze, he unkennelled poor renard, who went straight an end near twenty miles; he was, however, headed, took his old haunt, the furze, in his way back, and, finding himself closely pressed, crossed all the rivulets and deep

deep country, and found his way to the very door where he had been originally confined. He scratched, and made repeated attempts to get in; and one of the servants, who saw him, had no sooner run to open the door, than he went away and took refuge in the kennel, where the door was shut upon him. In a few minutes after, the whole pack in full cry, made him good up to the door; but he had *crossed* the river so many times, that he *crossed* the sportsmen too; for they were all thrown out. Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before they came up, and when they did, the kennel door was thrown open, and he was torn to pieces by the hounds.

A correspondent asks, Whether it would have been more sporting to have saved the above fox for the chance of another day, under such circumstances? or, Whether, as a reward due to the hounds, he was killed in a sportsman like form?

STAG HOUNDS.

ON the 16th instant, an outlying deer was found by the subscription hounds of Mr. Morgan, in the Link Wood, Suffolk, belonging to Sir Charles Davers, from whence it broke cover for Little Whelnetham Hall, and made its course for Sicklesmere to Great Whelnetham Hall, when bearing upon the left, through a wood called Old Oxhall, to a plantation of Arthur Young, Esq. passing on the back of Cockfield-street to Staningfield, thence to Lawshall, through Frithy Wood and King's Wood, in its way to Chadacre, reversing its course through Frithy Wood to Shimpling, to a wood known by the name of the Old Park, in Cockfield, down to Alpheton Lion, heading back to Lavenham Lodge, bearing upon the right to Lavenham Springs, where the gallant animal fell a victim to Morgan's *Rattlers*, after a chase of two hours and thirty-five minutes; and although the distance from the Link to Lavenham Springs is not more than eight miles, this extraordinary chase could not be less than twenty-four miles, upon the calculation of those who are fully acquainted with the country.

HATFIELD COURSING.

ON Tuesday the 21st instant, the Coursing Season concluded at Hatfield Park; and which being a public day—by permission of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury—upwards of one hundred horsemen and many pedestrians attended. The Marchioness herself was present, and the day being remarkably fine, with plenty of sport, nothing could exceed the pleasure derived by those who witnessed it. About fifty gentlemen afterwards dined at the Salisbury Arms, where, on removing the cloth, the bets were settled. Mr. Palmer of Hatfield was in the chair. Among the toasts given were, the King, and better health to him; the Marquis of Salisbury; the Marchioness of Salisbury, with thanks for her Ladyship's condescension and politeness in affording the company so excellent a day's coursing; Lord Cranburn; &c. &c.

A part of the company consisted of some gentlemen from London—the city—who were not more exhilarated by the diversion of the morning than they were happy in the conviviality of the evening.

The principal matches were as follow—

Mr.

Mr. Gardiner's dog Spot, beat the Marchioness of Salisbury's black dog, England; the best and most severe course during the day.

Mr. Dyson's brindle dog, against Mr. Archer's True Blue; undecided.

Mr. Harmond's black bitch, against Mr. Hall's Fly; undecided.

Mr. Palmer's black bitch, beat Mr. Gardiner's pied dog.

Mr. Edmond's dog, Fox, beat Mr. Gough's red dog.

Mr. Bryant's White Neck, beat Mr. Kinder's brindle dog.

There were six other courses, the majority of which were very good ones.

MADAME DEMIDOFF'S DIAMONDS;

OR,

The Female Gambler of Quality.

THE Russian gentleman, Mr. Demidoff, is one of the richest individuals in the Russian empire; and he, with his Lady, has resided at Paris for upwards of two years. He occupies one of the first hotels in that city, and lives in a style little inferior to that of the members of the Consular Family, or other revolutionary robbers, grown rich by the unpunished pillage of their beggared and enslaved countrymen.

Every month, Mr. and Madame Demidoff give one or more splendid balls, suppers, *thés*, &c. At one of these balls last month, Madame Demidoff lost a beautiful diadem of Smaragos and other diamonds, worth 300,000 livres, or L.12,500; and, by the activity of the police, the thief was discovered to be the young foreign Countess De ——, as handsome in her person as accomplished in her manners. This Countess had for some years been the bosom friend of the rich Princess of C——, who, during her residence at Paris some time ago, complained almost daily of being robbed, by some unknown person of fine pearls or jewels of great value. When, by the departure of this Princess, the Countess lost one good customer, she pitched upon Madame Demidoff to be another, and insinuated herself so much in her confidence, that she was invited to occupy an appartment in the hotel. Madame Demidoff, in a moment of imprudence, exhibited before the Countess all her jewels, which the latter determined immediately to appropriate to herself, particularly as she, just at that period, had lost a large sum of money by gambling. The last ball, when every body was occupied in dancing or gambling, the Countess believed a good opportunity to execute this determination, and therefore went into the bed-room, where she expected to find nobody; but, unfortunately, the governor of Mr. Demidoff's children, instead of sharing in the pleasures of the ball, had retired to this room, to read without being disturbed. When the Countess entered, she ordered him to leave her alone, as she was rather unwell, and to tell the servants to prevent her from being disturbed. After this, she opened, with a false key, the jewel box, and took the diadem.

The next day, a Russian girl, sent by the Empress of Russia to Paris as an apprentice to a milliner, called upon the favourite chambermaid of Madame Demidoff, who obtained permission to shew her countrywoman her mistress's jewels;

jewels; when she had opened the jewel box, and found the diadem gone, she fainted. Madame Demidoff, certain of the fidelity of her maid, told her husband of her loss, without knowing whom to suspect. After some consultation, it was agreed to disclose it to the Prefect of Police, and to ask his advice. During these transactions, the governor mentioned what had happened in the bed-room the night of the ball.

As usual, the Countess paid Madame Demidoff her morning visit, when she informed her of the robbery. The Countess, at this relation, was confused, went away, and left an impression in the mind of her friend that she was the guilty person.

The Prefect of the Police, in the mean time, advised Mr. and Madame Demidoff to invite to dine with them, unknown to every other person in the house, an able Police Commissary, and to order all the servants to be present during the dinner. As long as at table, the Commissary never ceased for a moment to speak with Madame Demidoff of the theft, but in a joking manner, at the same time fixing his eyes upon every body in the room. When alone with the master and mistress of the house, after the repast was over, he declared to them that he was convinced in his own mind of the innocence of all the servants; but, said he, have you no other acquaintance of suspicious character? Madame Demidoff then mentioned unwillingly the particulars of the Countess's conduct. Hearing this, the Commissary immediately went into the Countess's apartment: he said, "Madam, I am a Police Commissary; you are a foreigner, accused by Government of keeping up a dangerous correspondence with the enemy; I am ordered to look over your papers." The Countess, knowing herself innocent of this accusation, gave him, without resistance, the keys of her bureau and drawers. In her bureau, he found the diamonds of Madame Demidoff's diadem taken to pieces. "These," said the Commissary, "are the very diamonds stolen from Madame Demidoff; and you, Countess, must go with me." On hearing this, the Countess took suddenly a small bason away from the bureau; and when asked what it contained, answered, "some secret water for women." "It cannot be a secret for me," returned the Commissary, in attempting to seize it. "I am a married man." The bason that the Countess tried to throw away contained aqua fortis; where she had dissolved the silver in which the diamonds had been set. It contained, even, besides this, several unhurt diamonds.

Certain now of his affair, the Commissary put the diamonds in his pocket, and carried the Countess, who avowed the theft, to the Prefecture of the Police: and she is condemned to four hours exposure on the pillory, and to two years imprisonment in La Saltpetriere, or the Bridewell; where, in 1787, the famous Countess De La Motte was shut up.

The Countess De ——— has a yearly revenue of 30,000 livres; and her jewel box contained trinkets worth upwards of 150,000 livres.

This Lady is not the only victim of the passion for gambling in France:—A jeweller's wife lately robbed her husband of 10,000 Louis d'ors worth of diamonds, which she lost in gambling; and afterwards poisoned herself when she heard it had ruined her husband. And a banker has, not long ago, to save the honour of his wife, been obliged to pay 200,000 livres by her forged bills; and lost to gamblers.

THE

THE

OLD ENGLISH HUNTSMAN,

AND

MOLE-CATCHER.

From Volume III. of Pratt's Gleanings in England, just published.

I MUST now beg you to accompany me to the hut of an ancient man; nor shall I make an apology for the liberty I take with you, since you liberally allow, I have more than once convinced you that places the least productive of scenic beauty, and the least distinguished in the map of the world, are the most favourable to the lover of his kind, and to the examiner of human nature. If it be true, that

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

It is the business of the moral florist; or, shall we rather say, of the mental botanist, to take care that every specimen of Nature's noblest blooms and plants, to whatever class they belong, shall not

Waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Instead, then, of asking your pardon, let me demand your thanks for now leading you over the unsheltered heath and open fields from Woodhurst to Warboys. There, passing a hamlet, let me conduct you along the dreary moor, cold and comfortless as it is, but which supplies with many a warm sensation—the peasant's hearth with peat, turf, and other cottage-fuel of the fenland poor.

Reared of those turfs, on a few poles by way of pillars, and here and there a rude lath to fence the sides, and to form the door-way, behold a sort of hermit-seeming hovel. Yet it is not the abode of an anchoret: it is the daily retirement of a little social old man, aged ninety-three years, whose name is John Grounds. He has followed the occupation of a mole catcher forty of those years, gaining from the parish the sum of two-pence for the capture of each mole; and, so uninterrupted has been his health, that he has not been prevented in his employment more than thrice in the whole of that long space of time, though the walk from his cottage at Warboys to his turf hovel on the moor, is a full English league, and most of his time passed upon marshy land, amidst humidity and vapours.

Yet how few people who live in the air of a palace, and in the bosom of luxury, can vie with our poor fenlander in all that makes life desirable—health, spirits, and content.

But having shewn you his place of business by day, I will re-conduct you to the hut where he has passed the nights of those forty years in unbroken repose: and as we bend our way to the spot, I will present you with a true portrait of the man, and a brief sketch of his family, and of his adventures.

John Grounds, about sixty years preceding the date of this letter, had been a follower of my father's hounds, and distinguished himself as a lover of the sport; to partake of which, he would bound over the interposing fields, hedges, and ditches, with almost the speed, and more of the spirit, than the hounds themselves, upon the first summons of the bugle-horn. This early activity recommended him to the notice of the huntsman, who preferred him to the whipper-in-ship then vacant; and having, in this office, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the Squire, and of the pack, which, as he used to say, "all loved him to a dog," he was elevated, on the removal of his first

patron, to another appointment, even to the entire command of the kennel; a situation which he filled for many years with great dignity and reputation. And although it was not till late in his reign, I was of sufficient age to form any personal opinion of those achievements, which to the enthusiasts of the field-sports are reckoned as important as any which are appreciated by heroes of another description, in the field of battle—and perhaps with more reason, certainly with less criminality, considering the general causes of war. I was old enough before he resigned the canine sceptre, to attest that his government exhibited that happy mixture of fortitude and moderation, encouraging the true, correcting the false, paying honour to the sagacious, and rearing up the young and thoughtless to steady excellence, at the same time punishing the babbler, and teaching the ignorant. And I remember, I even then thought that poor John Grounds might furnish no mean model, whereby to form those who are destined to rule a more disorganized and extensive empire; and how often has this idea since occurred to me, as I traced back the events of my boyish days! That simple monarch of my father's kennel, thought I, might come forth in the blameless majesty of dominion, and dictate wisdom to ministers and kings.

The only poetical work which my father seemed truly to enjoy, was Somerville's fine poem of the Chase, and often meeting it in my way, I perused and re-perused it with avidity; not so much from any love of its glorious subject, as my father often called it, nor because I caught any thing of the spirit which the music of hounds and of the horn is said to inspire, for I was extremely degenerate in that respect; but because I seemed to be led over hills and dales, and scoured the plains, and followed the echoes through their woods, and brushed the dew, and passed the stream in company and under conduct of the Muses. These appeared to show me the hare, her velocity and her energy, without worrying her. In numbers more harmonious than the sounds which were reverberated from the hills or thickets, these tuneful associates brought every thing of beauty and of sense to my mind's eye: and in reciting aloud different passages, that painted the loveliness of early morn, the fragrance of nature, the sagacity of the dog, and the pride of the horse, I was not seldom praised by my dear father, who thought me at length a convert to the joys and honours of the chase, when in effect I was only animated by the charms of verse; and I was complimented for my feelings being congenial with the sportsman, when in truth I was in raptures only with the poet.

As time warned my father of the necessity of relinquishing the vehement exercise connected with these diversions, John Grounds passed with a fair character into the service of Lady St. John of Bletsoe, as her Ladyship's gamekeeper, in which office he remained, in "goodly favour and liking," as he expressed it, till the sorrowful day of her death. After this he married, and lived well pleased till his first wife's decease; but he found the holy estate so happy, that he entered upon it again; and jocosely now advises, his second dame not to give him another opportunity, for fear the third time should not be so favourable.

This mole catching is united with the occupation of bird frighter, in those parts of the year when the feathered plunderers assault the corn

corn or fruits; or when, as their poetical advocate observed, "the birds of heaven assert their right to, and vindicate their grain." But, "poor fools," would Grounds often say, "I sometimes think they have as good a right to a plumb, or a cherry, or a wheat-ear, as any Christian person; and so I seldom pop at them with any thing but powder; and that more for the pleasure of hearing the noise of the gun, than to do any execution; except now and then, indeed, I let fly at a rascally old kite, who would pounce upon cherry and bird too, and carry off one of my chicks into the bargain, if it lay in his way."

"And when I do try my hand at a thief, I am not often wide of my mark," cried the old man in a late interview; "I can still give him a leaden luncheon when I have a mind to it. Now and then, too, a carrion crow, with a murrain to him, and a long-necked heron, with a fish in his mouth, goes to pot: but, somehow I don't relish fixing my trap for these poor soft creatures!" taking one from the mole-bag slung across his shoulders; "they look so comfortable, and feel so soft and silky; and when they lay snugly under the earth, little think, poor souls! what a bait I have laid for them, seeing I cover the mumble-stick with fresh sod so slyly, there seems to be no trap at all. Though they turn up the ground to be sure, and rootle like so many little hogs; and for that matter, do a power of mischief: and as for blindness, 'none are so blind as those who wont see,' your Honour. These fellows know a trap as well as I do, and can see my tricks as plain as I can see theirs; and sometimes they lead me a fine dance from hillock to hedge, with a murrain to them! pass through my traps, and after turning up an acre of ground, sometimes in a single night, give me the slip at last."

But it is time to look at the portrait of the man. And, lo! seated on a brown bench cut in the wall, within the chimney-place, in a corner of yon rude cottage, he presents himself to your view. Behold his still ruddy cheeks, his milk-white locks, partly curled and partly straight—see how correctly they are parted in the middle, almost to the division of a hair—a short pipe in his mouth—his dame's hand folded in his own—a jug of smiling beer warming in the wood-ashes—a cheerful blaze shining upon two happy old countenances, in which, though you behold the indent of many furrows, they have been made by age, not sorrow—the good sound age of health, without the usual infirmities of long life, exhibiting precisely the unperceived decay so devoutly to be wished. On the matron's knee sits a purring cat: at the veteran's foot, on the warm hearth, sleeps an aged hound of my father's breed, in the direct line of unpolluted descent; or, "a true chip of the old block," as John phrased it; and who, by its frequent and quick-repeated whaffle or demi bark, seems to be dreaming of the chase. An antique gun is pendant over the chimney: a spinning wheel occupies the vacant corner by the second brown bench: and a magpie, with closed eyes, and his bill nestled under his wing, is at profound rest in his wicker cage. To close the picture, the mole-bag, half filled with the captives of the day, thrown into a chair, on which observe a kitten has clambered, and is in the act of playing with one of the soft victims, which it has contrived to purloin from the bag, for its pastime: while the frugal but sprightly light, from the well-stirred faggot, displays

plays on the mud but clean walls, many a lime-embrowned ditty, as well moral as professional: such as —"God rest you, merry gentlemen"—"The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds"—"The sportsman's delight"—"Chevy Chase"—and, "The jolly huntsman."

Such exactly were persons and place, as in one of my visits of unfading remembrance of the good old folks, whom I had known in early days. I walked to Warboys, and surveyed its famous wood and fen.

But would you have a yet closer view of this happy, healthy, and innocent creature, who has passed near a century in blameless discharge of varied employments, without having heaved one sigh of envy, or, as he told me, "shed one tear of sorrow, but when his parents died, or a friend and neighbour was taken away."

You must suppose you see him in his best array, when he walked three miles after having before walked three to his mole-traps, "purposely and in pure love" as he assured me, "to return my kind goodness with goodness in kind."

This happened at Woodhurst, and at the house of John Hills, from which my heart has already so successfully, as you tell me, addressed yours. The pencil of a painter from Nature could never had a happier opportunity of sketching from the life, an old sportsman of England, in the habit of his country and his calling. It was no longer the little mole catcher in his worsted gaiters and leathern deep-tanned jacket, sitting on his oak bench in a jut of the chimney, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his torn round hat (till he recollected his guest) fixed sideway on his head, like a Dutch peasant; it was an ancient domestic of the old English gentleman, dressed cap-a-pee for the field. A painter, faithful to the apparel of other times, would have noticed the specific articles that formed this kind of character; the short green coat, the black velvet cap, with its appropriate gold band and tassel, the buck-skin gloves and breeches, the belt with its dependent whistle, and the all-commanding whip. Let your fancy assist you in placing these upon the person above described, and the exterior of John Grounds will figure before you. But this will be doing the good old man but half justice. O! the heart, the heart! what is the painting of the man, without a portrait of the heart?

Represent, I pray you, to your mind's eye this venerable personage running into my arms the moment he observed me, exclaiming in tones which nature never gave the hypocrite—"I beg pardon, Sir, for my boldness, but I thought you would like to see me in my old dress, which I have kept ever since in a drawer by itself, and never take it out but now and then of a sabbath, in summer, and to put an old friend—as your honour, begging your pardon—in mind of old times. I know well enough it don't become me to take such a gentleman by the hand, and hold him so long in my arms, only seeing I have carried you in them, from one place to another all about the premises of the squire's old house and gardens, years upon years——"

After a pause, he adverted to the particulars of his dress; assuring me they were the very same things he wore the last year at my father's, except the plush waistcoat, which was a part of my Lady St. John's livery. "To be sure, your honour," said he, gaily, "they are, like myself, a little the worse for wear; the old coat, you see, (turning it about) has

has changed colour a bit, from green to yellow; the cap is not altogether what it was; and this fine piece of gold round the crown is pretty much faded; but we are all mortal, your honour knows; but old friends must not be despised."

During this converse, John and Dame Hills may be truly said to have "devoured up his discourse." Every word he had said had reference to my family or myself—a magnet which had power to draw their attentions and affections at any time. Nor did they neglect the dues of hospitality, which, on my account, and their own, were doubled; and they placed before their guest, with whom they had always lived in good neighbourhood, whatever the farm, its pantry, and its cellar, could afford. "A flow of soul" soon followed this feast of friendship. Grounds had before forgot his fatigue, his long walks, and his new trades; and soon remembered only his fine days of youth, his masters, his kennel, and his former self. "You was too much of a youngling, I suppose," said Grounds, "to recollect the many times I carried you to see my hounds fed, and told you the names of every one of them, and, as I gave my signs, bade you hark to Ringwood, and Rockwood, and Finder, and Echo; then put you before me upon Poppet, your father's favourite hunting mare. But I think you can't forget my stealing you out from old Mrs Margaret, the housekeeper's room, to shew you a thing you had so often wished to see—puss in her form—and your bidding me take it up gently, that you might carry it home and bring it up tame: then, on my telling you, laughing, it would not let me, your creeping on tip-toe to catch it yourself; upon which it jumped up and set off, and you after it as fast as you could run; and your coming back to me, crying—when it took the headland and got out of sight—'you should have had it, if I, like an old fool, had not made so much noise;' and when I told you you stood a good chance to see it again, and smoaking on the squire's table—after giving us a good morning's sport—which, by the bye, was the case, for we had her the very next hunt—you said, 'you did not want to eat, but keep her alive, and make her know you." And when I offered to stick her scut in your hat you threw it at me; and Mrs. Margaret says you would not touch a morsel of it, for spite:" ha! ha! ha!

After some hours, passed in these and in other remarks, which, while they delineate character, and describe the present time and circumstances, renew, and give, as it were, a second life to the past, Grounds took leave of the party with tears, that spoke the sincerity of an apprehension, that he was looking at and embracing me for the last time; and then hurried over the fields, which gave me sight of him near a mile. And, when his figure became diminished, I did not quit the window, till an interposing hedge shut him wholly from my view.

P. S. The portrait of this laborious, grateful, long-lived, and blessed old man, will be rendered doubly acceptable to the public by the pencil of the elder Barker, as that excellent painter has perpetuated the veteran, with his family and cottage, on canvas; whose figures Genius will long preserve.

This is a most exquisite performance, and it is to be seen at Mr. Barker's house, Sion Hill, Bath.

MRS. LEE,
THE HELEN OF BOLTON ROW;
AND
THE GORDONS.

Introductory Particulars and First Examination.

ON Sunday, the 15th of January, the Rev. Lockhart Gordon, and Mr. Lauden Gordon, brothers, dined with Mrs. Lee, a lady of considerable property, at her house, in Bolton Row, Piccadilly. In a short time after dinner, Mrs. Lee rang the bell of an adjoining room to that in which she had been dining with the gentlemen, which was answered by a female servant, whom Mrs. Lee ordered to get her a glass of water, appeared very low-spirited, and desired the servant to remain in the adjoining room, as she was afraid the gentlemen would take her away. To which the servant answered, that it was impossible to take her out of her own house: but Mrs. Lee replied, they were armed with pistols, and feared they would force her. She then returned to the room where they dined; and, in a few minutes after, Mrs. Lee's footman was sent out to call a hackney coach. While he was gone, the two female servants were alarmed by their mistress's voice, saying, "I will not be taken out of my own house," which induced them to go to her assistance; when they found the two Mr. Gordon's forcing Mrs. Lee down stairs from the drawing-room, and Mrs. Lee holding by the bannisters, resisting them: on which, they went to her assistance, and endeavoured to rescue her from the gentlemen; when Mr. Lockhart Gordon seized them both, and presenting a pistol, swore he would shoot them both, if they made any noise or resistance; and succeeded in forcing Mrs. Lee out of her house into a post-chaise, which was in waiting within a few yards of the door, the post-boy being ready mounted, and drove off as soon as the parties got in with the greatest speed possible. The servants followed it with screams and cries, but in vain; the swiftness with which it drove eluded all pursuit.

The servants making this extraordinary circumstance known to Mrs. Lee's friends on Monday morning, Mr. Parkin (the solicitor for the Post-Office) applied, with the servants, at the Public-Office, Bow Street, and Mr. Robinson, the sitting magistrate, issued his warrant to apprehend the Mr. Gordons; and Miller and Atkins, two of the officers, were dispatched in pursuit of the parties. They continued their inquiries during the day, and in the evening they learned that Mr. Lockhart Gordon had been at his lodgings, in the New Road, Mary-le-bonne, and had dressed, and gone out to a ball in Portland-place, to which they pursued him, as directed; but on their arrival at the house, they learnt he had been there, but was gone. Having lost all trace of him, they thought they must give up the pursuit for the night, it then being near eleven o'clock; but before they returned home, they set off for Mrs. Lee's house, to see that all was quiet there; but when they got into Bolton Street they heard the watchmen's rattle, and, on their coming up to the spot, found a gentleman in their custody, who, on inquiry, proved to be Mr. Lockhart Gordon; upon which the officers told him they had a warrant against him. His pistols were then taken from him, and he was secured: they both proved to be loaded with ball.

It appeared, that Mr. Gordon had

had been to Mrs. Lee's house about eleven o'clock that night, in a hackney coach, and, having gained admittance into the passage, told the servants he was come for Mrs. Lee's clothes; but observing a strange man in company with the footman, he inquired if he was a peace officer, and was retiring, when the footman slipped out of the house, and procured the assistance of two watchmen, and just as the coach was driving from the door, with Mr. Gordon in it, they returned; and one of the watchmen, striking the near horse a violent blow on the head with his staff, stopped the coach, when Mr. Gordon jumped out of it, and, presenting two pistols, swore he would shoot any man who attempted to take him, and ran away towards Curzon Street, Piccadilly.

Tuesday morning following, he was brought to Bow Street, and underwent a long examination before Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons, when the above circumstances were fully established by the servants, and several other witnesses.

During the examination, Mr. Bond had frequently occasion to reprove the prisoner for his indecorous conduct, in interrupting the witnesses, and at last was obliged to have him removed from the bar till the evidence was gone through; when he was put to the bar again, and the depositions read to him, to which he declined making any defence.

By the statutes, the 3d of Henry VII. and of 30th Elizabeth, it is made felony, without benefit of clergy, to take any woman forcibly away, with intent to possess her property, marry her without her consent, or to defile her person. Mr. Parkin therefore contended, that it was fair to presume the offence in question came within the meaning of those statutes, and in this opinion Mr. Bond and the other magistrate concurred. The prisoner, on being apprised of the situation in which he stood, said, he was very willing the law should take its course, and that he should readily meet any prosecution on that ground. He was committed for further examination.

The prisoner is in deacon's orders, and has a gentleman-like appearance.

Mr. Lauden Gordon, since his arrival in England from the West Indies, about two months ago, has resided near Ranelagh, and a part of the time in the same house with his brother, Mr. Lockhart Gordon, at Alsop's Buildings, New Road.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

OWING to the active measures pursued by Mr. Bond, Lauden Gordon and Mrs. Lee were secured at Gloucester, on the Wednesday, and, with Lockhart Gordon, the clergyman, underwent a long examination, on the Friday following, in Bow Street, before the above magistrate, and Sir William Parsons.

The singularity of the occurrence excited considerable curiosity, and brought to recollection the tales of ancient days, when distressed damsels were run away with by vile enchanters and disloyal knights. The room was crowded with gentlemen, waiting with anxious expectation the result of the examination, which was taken up stairs, and afterwards read below.

At half past two o'clock, Mrs. Lee, supported by her solicitor, Mr. Parkin, entered the Office, in extreme agitation, and was accommodated with a chair by the side of Mr. Bond. A few minutes afterwards

afterwards Lockhart Gordon was brought over; he lounged up to the bar with a newspaper in his hand, and took a careless view of the spectators. His brother, Lauden Gordon, was next introduced, and welcomed by Lockhart with a a cordial shake of the hand. The evidence was then read to the following effect—

Fanny Antonina Lee, of Bolton Row, Piccadilly, stated, that she was the wife of Matthew Lee, Esq. that she had known Mr. Lauden Gordon from childhood; and having lately had a *dream* of wondrous, yet intricate import, which she had communicated to him; he had written her a letter, solving the difficulty; and, with his brother Lockhart, dined with her last Sunday. Nothing particular occurred during the repast; but when their meal was concluded, and the glass had made a few circulations, Lockhart pulled out his watch, and exclaimed to his brother—"'Tis near seven o'clock! you know the chaise was ordered here by seven!" She instantly demanded "What chaise?" Lockhart replied, "You are going with my brother to-night;" to which she answered, "No, I am not indeed." Lockhart rejoined, "Lauden has got a present for you:" She asked "What present?" Lockhart then pulled out a plain gold ring, such as is usually produced at weddings, and said to his brother—"Here, give it her." They consequently attempted to put it on her finger, which she resisted; but, upon Lockhart Gordon drawing out a brace of pistols, she was so terrified that she fell into a state of insensibility, and does not remember any thing till she found herself forcibly confined in a post-chaise, between Lockhart and his brother. The horses and chaise were changed twice, and in the dead of the night they reached Tetsworth, nine miles on this side of Oxford; where, after knocking up the people of the inn, supper was ordered; after which, Lockhart told her to go to bed, which she complied with; and, in a short time, was followed by Lauden. No personal violence was used; but, from a firm persuasion that her death would be the consequence of a resistance, and not from inclination, she and Lauden Gordon slept in the same bed that night. Next morning, at breakfast, Lockhart said—"In my brother, who adores you, you have now a protector for life; and in me you have found the best friend you ever had, one who will never desert you whilst he has a drop of blood in his veins." After breakfast, Lockhart departed for town, and she was prevailed upon to proceed with Lauden to Gloucester.

Margaret Davison, servant to Mrs. Lee, corroborated the production of the pistols, and the force used in carrying off her mistress; particularly Lockhart threatening, in the passage, to shoot his brother, if he did not convey Mrs. Lee to the chaise; and, when seated therein, menacing the post-boy, that if he did not instantly drive off, he would blow his brains out.

At the conclusion of this last information, Lockhart Gordon requested to know, if he might be permitted to make some few observations? and receiving the polite assent of Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons, he spoke as follows—

"It may be very right, Gentlemen, where a woman is concerned, to act delicately; but I do not perceive why I am to be sacrificed to suit the convenience of Mrs. Lee. When I was sent from hence, on Tuesday, I was told that I was not to be brought up again till that day sennight; but, merely because it is agreeable to herself, and her solicitor, I am dragged forward, unprepared;

prepared; nor can it be supposed, that, without previous notice, the feelings of a man can be sufficiently steeled to stand in my situation, to endure the gaze of a multitude, and submit to the sport of all idle persons, who may be collected by the impulse of unfeeling curiosity."

Mr. Bond—" If you will allow yourself time for recollection, I should conceive, Mr. Gordon, you will think us rather entitled to your thanks than reproaches. Your brother and Mrs. Lee arrived in town last night; and, at the request of her solicitor, Mr. Parkin, you are now brought forward, to prevent an unnecessary continuance of confinement, by giving us an opportunity of ascertaining whether the offence, with which you stand charged, is here to be considered a capital crime, or bailable as a misdemeanor."

Lockhart Gordon would not allow himself at all indebted to the consideration of the magistrates, but insisted he had been shamefully used; and, from time to time, reiterated his complaints with much obstinacy and confidence. He adverted, with bitter acrimony, to the statements which have appeared in the papers respecting his first examination, but the veracity of which he fully established in his subsequent observations. He, upon Margaret Davison replying to an interrogatory, " I do not recollect, Sir," violently rejoined, " Not recollect! You must have a very short memory, Madam. I say you do recollect; and you're *a little infernal lying Devil*!" Previous to Mrs. Lee being sworn to the truth of her information, Lockhart observed, that she had declared *they* were armed with pistols, whereas it was only *himself*; and, with peculiar animation, addressed her with—

" For God's sake, Madam, don't sign it! Remember there is another world! and though you may not believe it, there are many here who do. Had you not been so inveterate against my brother, I had determined to have stood my trial in silence; but am now resolved not to spare you a single inch, since you are sanguinary in persecuting a man whom you know you once was dotingly fond of."

Mrs. Lee—" I am tenderly alive to his situation and yours; and, so far as I have been enabled, have endeavoured to save you both; nor is it the first time your lives have been in my power."

Lockhart Gordon denied this; and supplicated the magistrates on the part of his brother. " For me, Gentlemen, you may use your pleasure; commit me to any prison in the metropolis; but consider there is nothing criminal can attach to Lauden Gordon. He will, I hope, be of use to his country, though you now see him brought to this degrading situation, by my misconduct.

All the evidence against the prisoners not being yet adduced, they were committed for re-examination next Friday; and, at the request of the solicitor for the prosecution, remained till then in separate prisons.

Mrs. Lee appeared to be about thirty years of age; her figure is delicate and interesting; her eyes mild, yet expressive; and her voice is extremely articulate and melodious. She is a natural daughter of the late Lord Le Despencer, who left her by will the sum of L.40,000. She afterwards married Matthew Lee, Esq. known in the fashionable circles by the appellation of the " Handsome Lee." From mutual disagreement they separated; and her husband receives from Mrs. Lee a liberal annual allowance.

Lockhart and Lauden Gordon are first and second cousins to the present

present Earl of Portsmouth; their mother, who was sister to the late Earl, was the Honourable Mrs. Gordon, and kept a school, of some celebrity, next door to Fozard's, in Park Lane, in a house inhabited at present by Lady Wellesley.

Lauden conducted himself, during the examination, with temper and propriety; but the behaviour of Lockhart was indecorous as a clergyman, and unpardonable as a man. They have both a fashionable air, though the advantage of person is eminently in favour of Lockhart.

The Earl of Stair and Colonel Desbrow were among the numerous spectators who attended.

THE DREAM.

MRS. LEE, in her deposition before stated, mentioned a Dream which she had, of wondrous and intricate import. The Lady's Dream, however, was not disclosed on the examination, but a good-natured scribe, attached to one of the daily papers, fabricated the following; and which, though a *fabrication*, we publish for the amusement of our readers—

"On Thursday, she went into her bed room about 11 o'clock at night. It was very cold, and a shivering came upon her. The shivering continued for some time after she lay down, and about twelve she fell asleep. In the course of the night, she dreamed she was upon a lone and desolate island. A dreadful storm came on, and she saw two worlds coming in contact with each other. She saw written upon the one, "the Western;" and, on the other, "the Eastern world." After a short conflict, the Eastern world sunk beneath the Western world; the former vanished entirely, and the latter began to assume the shape of a man. In a few minutes, it stood a man complete; and she had a distinct view of his person and countenance. He appeared as if standing in a plantation of sugar-canes. He had a beautiful child in his arms, with which he came forward, and presented her; but at this very moment a man, dressed in black, rushed in between them, and the child fell to the ground. She shrieked, and awoke. On her awaking, she felt a violent palpitation at the heart, and was greatly alarmed. She began to reflect upon the dream. Her thoughts turned particularly upon the man. His person and countenance were as plain to her imagination as if he stood manifest before her eyes. He was a young man, about twenty-two, middle sized, well made, with an oval countenance, apparently discoloured by a warm climate, good teeth, and light brown hair. In her dream, it never struck her that she had seen him before; but, after she awoke, and had time for reflection, upon a review of all her acquaintance, it struck her that the person, whom she saw in her sleep, was Mr. Lauden Gordon. The more she reflected, the more she was confirmed in this idea; and what struck her particularly was, that the figure seen in her sleep wore a beautiful ring, such as she had noticed on Mr. Lauden Gordon. She had been very restless for several weeks past, and had many dreams, much more remarkable and curious, but none that made any impression upon her mind. The circumstances of this dream, however, were constantly before her eyes, and she could not banish it from her thoughts. With a view, therefore, to relieve her anxiety, she sent an account of it to Mr. Lauden Gordon, requesting a solution.

lution. It described the man, who appeared to her as quite naked, and that he forced her into a bed with yellow damask curtains, of an old flower pattern, and a painting upon the tester, representing the figure of Adam and Eve in Paradise."—There were some other particulars, which we do not think fit to mention, which probably induced the Lady to decline giving an account of the dream to the magistrates."

A Morning Paper, of Saturday the 28th, contains the following article on the subject of the Dream—

"It gives us pleasure to be authorized to state, that the account of Mrs. Lee's dream, as published in several of the papers, is an *entire fabrication*, without a particle of truth. We are assured, also, that she did not *send* the dream to Mr. Lauden Gordon, for his comment or interpretation. Having had a very extraordinary dream, she was writing an account of it to a friend, when Mr. Lauden Gordon happened to call upon her. At his entreaty, she permitted him to take it, and he afterwards sent her a *spiritual* comment upon it, which she conceived might have been dictated by his brother, the clergyman, with whose real character she was then unacquainted. There was, however, nothing in the least contrary to decorum in either the dream or the interpretation; nor could she possibly anticipate the unfortunate consequences that have ensued from such a circumstance."

THIRD & FINAL EXAMINATION.

Friday, the 27th, being the day fixed upon for the final examination of the two Gordons, great interest was made to be admitted to hear this extraordinary business, the subject of which has become the universal conversation throughout the United Kingdom: but the greatest desire expressed was, to behold their persons, as the circumstances of the case are fully before the public. A large concourse of people being expected to apply for admission, a party of the patrole were stationed at the office, to prevent the admission of improper persons. About nine o'clock, numbers began to apply for entrance, but none were admitted, except those who had permission from the magistrates. Near four hundred persons were assembled, and numbers of them were so completely wedged in, that it may literally be said they could neither move hand nor foot. The Portuguese ambassador was so extremely overcome with the heat and the pressure, that he could not remain, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could get out.

Mrs. Lee came to the office at an early hour, in a coach, accompanied by her attorney, Mr. Parkin. She was admitted at the private door, and a room on the first floor allotted her.

Lockhart Gordon arrived in a hackney coach, in the custody of the goaler, from Tothillfields Bridewell, about ten o'clock. Lauden Gordon arrived about the same time, in a similar manner, from Clerkenwell Bridewell. They had likewise a room allotted to them on the first floor of the office.

Mr. Const, who attended as counsel for Mrs. Lee, was ready to proceed with the examination soon after eleven, but the prisoners' counsel not being arrived, they waited till about twenty minutes before one, when Mr. Serjeant Best and Mr. Abbott came. It was then proposed to them that Mrs. Lee should only be present during her own examination being read, which

was objected to by the prisoner's counsel; and it was agreed she should be in the office during the whole of the examination.

The prisoners were then sent for, and placed at the bar.

When the bustle of the office was a little hushed, Mr. Lockhart Gordon expressed a wish to speak, and delivered himself to the following effect—

"I have to regret, Mr. Bond, that on my two former examinations, owing to a natural impetuosity of temper, and a decided ignorance of the forms of justice, I was led into a blameable error of conduct. I confess I thought myself ill used in being brought up last Friday unprepared, without the advice of counsel, and the consolatory attendance of such friends as, in my unhappy situation, every man must feel inexpressibly happy to receive.—I beg your pardon for my inadvertency; and trust the good sense of yourself, and Sir William Parsons, will induce you to receive this concession as a sufficient apology."

Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons expressed, in handsome terms, that they were perfectly satisfied; when the business of the day began.

The informations were severally read, of Mrs. Lee and her servant, with the addition, that William Martin, the footman, said—"That on Sunday, the 15th instant, whilst in the pantry, he was called up by the maid, Janet Davison, and told to go for a coach; that he went to Piccadilly, was absent about ten minutes, and, upon returning, at the end of Bolton Street, heard a voice, which he knew to be Davison's, his fellow servant, calling out Murder! Murder! he then ran to Bolton Row, and saw her and Sarah Hunt running and screaming—"They've carried my mistress "away!" He saw the chaise, and pursued it to Park Lane, but it went with such velocity that he could not overtake it."

The addition made to the information of Mrs. Lee, stated—"That, after sleeping with Mr. Lauden Gordon, in the same bed, at Tetsworth, they met at breakfast with Lockhart Gordon. When the repast was over, she had a very interesting conversation with Lockhart; in consequence of which, from serious apprehensions, but whether well or ill founded she cannot say, she was induced to deliver a letter to Mrs. Edmonds, the landlady of the Inn, at Tetsworth, addressed to Janet Davison, her servant, in Bolton Row, mentioning—"No money, no clothes, compliance or death! and signed "R. "A. Lee." She would not state the particulars of the conversation alluded to; but said that Lockhart Gordon was in so distracted a state of mind that he did not know what he did or said.

Mr. Parkin's deposition was read, the substance of which was to this effect: that he had known the said Mrs. Lee, (late Rachael Fanny Antonina Dashwood, spinster) for upwards of seventeen years; and who, about the year 1794, intermarried with Matthew Allen Lee, Esq. that, soon after the marriage, a settlement was made of Mrs. Lee's property, by the Court of Chancery, by which nearly the whole of it was vested in the trust of Mr. Parkin and three other Gentlemen, who were authorized to pay a certain sum to Mrs. Lee, for her own sole and separate use: that, in the year 1795, a separation took place; when it was agreed that Mrs. Lee should receive one thousand pounds per year for her life, and which had been paid to her ever since that period, she continuing to live separate from

from her said husband, who was still living.

The informations being signed and sworn to, at the conclusion, Mrs. Lee observed, that it was all true, but that, comparatively speaking, she had said very little: Lockhart Gordon instantly remarked, with great expression of eye and gesture, " Why, I think, Mrs. Lee, the less you say the better."

Sir William Parsons then informed the prisoners that the time was arrived to make any observations they might choose; which they mutually declined, leaving it to Mr. Abbott, who observed " that he should object to any discussion at present, but at the day of trial he had no doubt but his clients would be completely justified before a jury of their country."

Mr. Const intimated to the Bench, that the evidence not being complete in Middlesex, we would wish the trial to take place at the next Oxford Assizes, which was agreed to, and all the parties, under a recognizance of L.40, were consequently bound over to prosecute.—The Assizes at Oxford commence on the 3d of March next.

Before the Gordons were removed from the Bar, Lockhart good-naturedly said, " Mr. Bond, this perhaps is the last time of our meeting—I hope we part without any bitterness."

Mr. Bond handsomely replied, " I am so satisfied, Mr. Gordon, with your conduct to-day, that you may depend upon it no impression to your prejudice remains upon my mind." In which sentiment Sir William Parsons liberally and cordially coincided.—The examination ended at half past two.

Several theatrical characters attended; viz. Bannister, Lewis, and Johnstone. The press was so excessively great, that Bannister, as *Sylvester Daggerwood*, hinted to the magistrates, " a crowded house, but not profitable."

The subject has been so extremely interesting, that it will, no doubt, prove both amusing and instructive to our readers, to state the law from the best authorities, upon the forcible abduction and defilement of a female.

" If a woman be forcibly taken in one county, and afterwards goes voluntarily into another county, and be there married or defiled with her own consent, the fact is not indictable in either, for the offence, which consists in the forcibly taking, and subsequent marriage or defilement, is not complete in either; but, " if the force continued upon " her at all in the county into which " she was so taken," the offender may be indicted there, although the actual marriage or defilement afterwards took place with her own consent."

Mrs. Lee, we are further informed, has not been very much in the gay world since the separation from her husband. She has ever been known, more particularly, as the sister of a Gentleman, who was styled " Handsome Dashwood!" whose liberality and unsuspecting goodness led him into the vortex of St. James's dissipation, which he pursued to his own inconvenience. His manners, his person, and his fortune, obtained for him the hand of Lord Lauderdales's sister in marriage; and, to repair the mistake of his early days, he undertook, in a very profitable situation, to make a journey to the Cape of *Good Hope*.

But the effects of his early life have bereft his friends of all that was dear to them; when, in such a man, high honour, scrupulous integrity, and inviolate friendship, could lay claim to such a distinction. His partiality to his sister, and her affection for him, knew

equal

equal bounds. The husband of Mrs Lee was the intimate friend of Frank Dashwood, even after the separation.

Mr. Lee, or, as he is more generally known by the appellation of Matt Lee, is the third of four sons of a Mr. Lee, who was an agent for West India Property, and who has been dead some years. The elder brother is known among his friends by the name of Bob Lee, but better to the world in general, by having had the honour of the late Duke of Bedford's particular friendship.

The next brother is in business in the City; and a younger one than Mr. Matthew Lee is at present in the West Indies. When the separation between Mrs. Lee and her husband took place, they were living in Berkeley Square, in the first style of fashion; and it was an event which caused great astonishment to the relations of both parties; neither could the most pressing solicitations (so far as were consistent with propriety) obtain from Mr. Lee any other reason for the disagreeable event, than that the Lady was too fond of *Latin* and *Greek!*—What such objections have to do with the holy state of matrimony, we leave to better judges to pronounce, contenting ourselves with lamenting, that a Lady, in her present situation, should, in some degree, be destitute of that protection of a husband for which the greatest part of her fortune has been sacrificed.

MR. UNDERWOOD

Passionately in Love with Mrs. Lee.

The publicity of Mrs. Lee, and the extraordinary proceedings of the Gordons, has procured her another violent lover. During last week, a young man of a very gentlemanlike appearance, made a number of applications at Mrs. Lee's house, in Bolton Row, to see her, and likewise sent a number of letters. On Saturday the 28th, by perseverance, he obtained the object of his desire; but Mrs. Lee soon discovering she had not any knowledge of him, and that his business was only to express his admiration of her person, &c. he was shewn the door. On the next day, being Sunday, he continued to be extremely troublesome at her house, which induced Mrs. Lee to inform Mr. Parkin, her solicitor, of the circumstance, and he having left his card of address at the Castle and Falcon, in Aldersgate Street, Mr. Parkin applied on Monday morning, at the Public Office, Bow Street, when Sir Richard Ford dispatched Atkins, the officer, to apprehend him.

On the officer's arrival at the inn, he was shewn into the room, when the officer informed him he waited upon him from Mrs. Lee, who wished to see him as soon as possible, which induced him to accompany him with all possible speed. On his arrival at the office, he appeared extremely impatient to see Mrs. Lee; but on being informed she would be there in a short time, he appeared a little appeased; but on Mrs. Lee and Mr. Parkin being informed he was in custody, and neither of them appearing, he was discharged. It appeared that he had lodged at the Castle and Falcon about ten days; his name is William Underwood, and resides at the North Corner of Plymouth Dock. While he was at breakfast on the Saturday morning, and reading Mrs. Lee's evidence against the Gordons, he suddenly left off his breakfast, and abruptly left the Castle and Falcon, saying, Mrs. Lee was a beauty

beauty and an angel, and he would go and defend her innocence.

Another correspondent says, that Mr. Underwood, whose extraordinary conduct respecting Mrs. Lee has rendered him a subject of public curiosity, has, for some time, had apartments at the Castle and Falcon Inn, Aldersgate Street, where his eccentricities have occasioned a variety of conjectures. His time has been much occupied in writing letters to the Duke of York, Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt, and other persons of high political character; but his epistles to Mrs. Lee were without number. Since his Majesty's indisposition, he has been a daily visitor at the Queen's House, where he left his card, describing himself as residing at the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street. A very violent passion, however, for Mrs. Lee, seemed to be the predominant cause of his extraordinary conduct. On reading an account of the dream attributed to that lady, in the newspapers, he worked himself up into a violent rage, threw his breakfast about the room, and was in that paroxysm of passion when he was taken into custody by the Bow Street officers, on a complaint of Mrs. Lee. He is about thirty years of age, and of a genteel appearance.

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY IN DOGS.

IN a French book, intituled, "Memoires du Marquis de Langallery," printed at the Hague in the year 1743, there is a passage to the following effect—

A dog which I had left at my house, and to whom I had long been a gentle master, had been kindly taken care of by my mother, during an absence of two years in the army. This faithful creature was the first to recognise my return. He beheld me coming through the court-yard, and flew to welcome his old friend. He jumped upon me with considerable agitation, first on one side, and then on the other: his affection, his joy, was manifest in the extreme. At length he fell at my feet in an agony of transport—and expired! ——Let the ungrateful read this, and blush.

The Duke de Liancourt, to prove the absurdity of Mons. Descartes's philosophy, that dogs were mere machines, and possessed no sort of reason to direct them, carried a friend with whom he had been disputing on this subject, into his kitchen, to witness the sagacity of two turnspits, who took their office every other day to get into the wheel. The one whose turn it was to labour for that day, had hid himself, so that the cook was obliged to force the other dog into the place of action, where the poor fellow was no sooner pent, than he began to cry, and made signs as if he could discover the hiding-place of his sculking companion. The Duke encouraged the suggestion, and instantly freed the cur from the wheel, and followed the dog into a garret, from a hole in which he quickly dislodged the runaway turnspit, and never ceased worrying him, till he had drove the sculker into the wheel; and then, turning to the cook, in presence of the Duke and his friend, turned up his significant face and wagged his tail as if proud of the victory.

Go, ponder this, Presumption, if you can,
And say if wisdom only be the lot of man.

LOQUACITY;

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Concluded from Page 211.)

CONTENTS.

The Conjectures of the Servants upon the Contents of Goody Cubate's Letter—Wit, &c. on the occasion—The Huntsman transfers his Epistle to the Squire—He reads it to the Company assembled in the Hall—Proposes the Hunting of the Fox—Goody Cubate, almost in Despair, is surprised by the cry of the Hounds and the sight of the Fox—The Hounds pass—The Death of the Fox—Collection made for the Widow—Her Raptures on the occasion.

THE servants were seated in the servants' hall, at dinner, and the housekeeper was distributing lusty rounds of beef to each, when the boy entered, and delivered into her hand the returns of the post. She cast her eye over the letters. Looking earnestly at one, she exclaimed—"Bless me, here is a letter for you, huntsman, big enough for a sermon. It is a love epistle, I suppose, from one of your rural favourites; some pretty Phebe or Rosalin whom you have wounded. I fancy she lives by the side of a wood, in a neat little cottage, and is all innocence and simplicity; for it is most curiously folded, and the superscription is singular—'For Squire T——'s Huntsman, whatsomeaver his name may be, at Topeley Hall.' Ha, ha, ha! a most curious direction. Well, John, there is your packet; *whatsomeaver* your name may be, I have delivered it safe into your hand."

John broke open his epistle. "Oh, d—n it," said the coachman, "your favourite is about to break her heart, and has put her letter into mourning." "I guess whence it comes," said the huntsman; "I suppose my old dear granny is dead, and they have sent me her funeral sermon." As he unfolded the letter, coachie's eye caught the address, and exclaimed—"Chalk my wig! 'Dear Sir!' That beats every thing! That's a high go! However, huntsman, take my advice, and put up your epistle, and finish your dinner before you read it, or I believe you will not finish it to-day, from what I see of it." "By G—d," said the huntsman, "you are right; for I can make nothing of it, it is worse than a bad scent; so go into my pocket till a more convenient and leisure season;" putting it up, and taking his knife and fork, which he could handle far better, and more adroitly.

The letter, however, was not forgotten—servants abound in low wit, and will have their jokes. "It is my opinion, huntsman," said coachie, "that you have ensnared the heart of some venerable old woman; for I saw the name of widow." "Aye, no doubt," replied the housekeeper, "perhaps some lovely dowager, left in a disconsolate condition, with half a score unruly children, whom she cannot govern, and perhaps a small farm which she is incapable of managing, and wishes for a young man of spirit to assist and comfort her. Well, huntsman, let me tell you, these are powerful temptations: take my advice, and don't outstand your good fortune. When you are comfortably fixed, I shall take an opportunity of coming to see you, and take a glass of sillabub with you and your venerable spouse.

spouse. A dairy produces many good things, and farming is the best business on foot." "But Dame Fortune," said the butler, "is a slippery jade; you must hold her fast, huntsman, or she will slip through your fingers. You must remember, too, to be warm and brisk in your attacks; for a widow will admit of no delays—ever so little lukewarmness, and your interest is lost."

The huntsman wanted not for his joke, when with the hunting farmers, and surrounded with his dogs; nor was he ignorant of the terms peculiar to the chase; but he was not up to the tattle of a servants' hall, when the servants of all descriptions are met. He heard their kind of wit, but was almost mute. "I know nothing of the matter," said he; "but when I have seen to the hounds, examined Silvia's foot, and Junor's ear, then I'll see about it."

In the days of old Chaucer, John would probably have passed for a man of learning, and a scholar; for he could write his own name, and he could read well enough to make out "the Dusky Night," or "Come rouse brother Sportsmen," which was the extent of his scholarship. He opened his letter; he looked attentively at it on this side and that; he turned it about every way, yet was totally incapable of making out much of the contents: he perceived, however, or thought that he perceived, something of the matter. His master came to make some inquiries, and John knowing his good nature and affability, put the letter into his hand. "This is a strange sort of a letter, Sir," said he; "I can make but little of it, but I believe it comes from an old woman, who seems to mourn and make the devil of a to-do about her poultry; but I can make neither head nor tail of it."

"I see what it is about, huntsman," said his master; "it is a curious epistle; quite an original. I'll take care of it for you;" and he walked towards the house, looking at the letter in his hand.

Mr. T—— was a good reader; he had conversed with people of every rank in life; he knew their pronunciation, and the manner of spelling common with the unlearned, so that he was instantly up to every word in the epistle; and he was, besides, by no means a bad or awkward mimic. He entered the hall very gravely, with a sedate, serious countenance. His sporting friends concluded that the letter in his hand brought some unpleasant intelligence, and made a motion to leave him, if business required his attendance. "By no means," said he; "I beg that you gentlemen remain with me for the evening. It is true, I have in my hand a relation the most singular, and which is attended with circumstances the most distressing; but as the matter requires no sort of secrecy, give me leave to read it to you." He preserved the gravity of his physiognomy, and began in the tone and language of the old woman, and went through the contents in the same burlesque manner, to the infinite diversion of his auditors. Having finished the epistle, Mr. T—— and his few present friends made a jovial evening of it. They fixed on Monday for the purpose of seeking Goody Cubate's enemy, and agreed to turn off at Cropley Wood, at nine o'clock.

The old woman's epistle made some stir in the neighbourhood. About thirty gentlemen of the chase accompanied Mr. T——, which, by the time they arrived at Cropley Wood, amounted to more than fifty sportsmen.

The keen scented pack was turned off ten minutes after nine, and

and which soon declared the subtle animal there. He made several attempts to break on the side where the sportsmen had agreed to prevent him, and for that purpose both foot and horse were arranged. Artful renard found himself a hard set prisoner on all sides but one, and that he was averse to, influenced, no doubt, by sinister motives, and cogent reasons, best known to himself; but finding no remittance in the ardour of his pursuers, nor inattention in his guard, he broke on the side intended, and gained near half a mile start of the hounds, who followed him in a fine style. We shall now leave them both for a few minutes, to look after the loquacious Goody Cubate.

The old woman had set out her wheel, and set herself down to a crust of bread and a cup of tea. "I have set out my wheel, child," said she, "for I got up with the design of making a good week's work. But what good can work do me, now my chantelleer and his loving mates are gone! I can never live by work alone, who am an old woman. What can I do, child?"

"Why, go a begging, mother," said Kitty, "to make up your loss. A lame tongue, you have said a thousand times, never gets any thing."

"Aye, that's right," replied Goody; "but charity is cold, very cold. Howsumeavor, I can but try. But first let's turn a cup, and see what luck is stirring to-day." She tossed her cup round and round, looked at it, and said—"Oh, Heavens! nothing but crosses and disappointments; and here the tears are running as fast as they can trundle. What will become of me in my old age, I can never think! One misfortune rides upon the back of another!"

"Pray, mother," said Kitty, "don't be faint hearted. You used to say—A fig for care; faint heart never won fair lady; and, if a body hang the head like a bull-rush, and complain, then nobody will pity one."

"Aye, right, child, 'tis true," said Goody; "but misfortunes and troubles, and vexations, make one fearful and superishous. Howsumeavor, I wont die dungle, but hold up my head still a little longer. I have a matter of three score eggs, and if I have any luck, they will bring me five shilling." "And I," said Kitty, "have got seven-and-twenty. And then, mother, the hen that the old fox could not find, she wont die, as you feared; for I saw her this morning more un half way up the pasture, and the farmer's cock see'd her, and how he did run, like any thing, and made love to her, and she never so much as stirred, nor run away a bit at all." "Out upon her! out upon her!" exclaimed Goody; "I'm ashamed of my very life of her! To forget such a husband, such a careful, loving soul—and only in four days—and to be seen out a gallaranting already! Fy upon her! fy upon her! I am ashamed of it."

"Why, mother," said Kitty, "it is surely better than moping herself to death; she'll lay, and sit too, soon, and will be a help to us."

"Why, child, that's true; but to forget such a careful, loving husband, in four days, is both a wonder, a shame, and a disgrace. My poor dear husband has been dead almost four years; yet, I warrant you, was any body to come a gallaranting to me, I should soon send them away with a flea in their ear."

Goody turned another cup, but could see no good luck stirring. The next day was Childermas, and

and Wednesday was always an unlucky day, "and by Thursday," said Goody, "my misfortunes and losses will be almost forgot; so I must go to day—nothing venture, nothing have." So Goody spruced up her head, put on her Sunday going gown and apron; then took out her snuff-box, to replenish her olfactory nerves with a dust of right Scotch. Suddenly she started, and said—"Surely I hear the dear tattling hounds!" Running to her door, she threw it open, and saw her enemy, artful renard, paddling along the shallow stream which ran past her cottage. Down dropped her snuff box, and out sallied the old woman, with an astonishing agility for a woman of sixty. She gave a loud, sharp, and squalling hollow—a kind of sound entirely new to old renard's ears, and he was panic struck. He aimed to leap the fence on the right, but did not clear the bushes; and he rolled backwards into the ditch of water. This pleased Goody; she took it for a good omen, and sent forth a second hollow, more powerful than her first, and exultingly cried—"There you are, you murderous thief! Ah, you sly rogue, you wont die in a ditch; you will come to the dogs, you artful villian!" Renard shook himself, ran a few paces, and then made his way into the pasture. Goody caught hold of a bough, gave a lusty straddle across the ditch, and was in the pasture almost as soon as he.

The hounds and huntsman were now getting into sight. John saw the old woman running with her bonnet in her hand, shaking it, and hollowing with all her might; nay with more, for the occasion supplied her with strength and agility not, properly speaking, her own. The hounds soon passed her. "Fly, you dear creatures, you pretty souls, fly. The thief is but just before; warm his rogue's hide for him; pay him for all his knavish tricks; let this be the last of his evil days." The sportsmen passed her, laughing at the figure she made. Mr. T—— checked his horse, and said—"Old lady, don't hurry yourself; your enemy," for he thought it was Goody Cubate, "will not escape us." "I want to see his death," said Goody. "Well, come up to the wood, and you possibly may have your desire," said he, and galloped away, without hearing the old woman's reply.

The old woman followed, trotting, walking, and muttering to herself, as her wind permitted—"Heaven bless your honour; as good a soul, and as good a Christian, I warrant, as ever broke a bit of bread: I wish from my heart there was more like him. How kind and farmarality he spoke to me, a poor old woman, that is undeserving of so much honour and goodness. Well, let me see the murderous thief's death, and I shall die contented: let the dogs pick his bones, and tear his vile carcase to pieces, I have my wish."

Walking, trotting, puffing, and mumbling, the old woman arrived at the wood. The hounds had again driven renard from his cover, and were pursuing him, full cry, to another wood, two miles farther, where he manœuvred a good deal, and seemed inclined to return. Goody was warm with her exertions: she sat down by the side of the wood, and as she heard the sound dying away, her spirits sank within her, and she took up her lamentation afresh.

"The artful murderer," said she, "will be too cunning for the pretty, dear hounds. He'll escape, and live to make other people's hearts ache, as well as mine. I'm not the first, nor shall be the last, that

that suffer by his midnight deperations. I was forwarned and I was forarmed of his ravishing tricks, and I stopped up every hole, every crevice, yet the artful toad found his way to my poultry, and carried away my treasure, my comfort, my support, and all my dear delights: and shall the cruel destroyer escape condarine vengeance and punishment? No, never. For though he may escape to-day, or to-morrow, he shall not escape the next; for now the Squire has spoken to me like a kind hearted soul, as I dare swear he is, I will down upon my marrow-bones to the bare earth, and beg, and pray, and beseech, that he will come daily, till he has terparated the midnight thief from the face of the earth."

Here the echo of the hounds again saluted Goody's ear. She leaped up, and said—"Here come the dear creatures again; pretty souls, they have turned the sly thief, and my eyes shall rejoice in his death. Which way shall I steer? Where will he come out? Hark! hark! There the dear tattlers come, just before me. This is a lucky spot, and here I will abide. Hark! Now the dear souls have lost him again—There, they have him as strong as ever—Well done, boys! —follow his stinking hide—drive the murderous thief along—tare his vile carcase—pick his rogue's bones—make him remember his midnight deparations—show him no mercy; for he shewed none to me, nor my beautiful chantelleer, the pride of my life, the joy and comfort of my heart, the delight and glory of the whole earth. Now you begin to quake and tremble, I warrant, for fear of your vile carcase:—quake on; tremble, and groan, and howl, as much as you will, I shall never pity you; because you had no pity, no mercy, no consideration—you took all, and spared none."

In this strain of invective and complaint, Goody kept on, till the closely pursued renard put his head over the fence, just by her side. Up flew her apron and petticoats, with a violent shake, and she sent forth a shouting scream that made every part of the wood to ring. Renard started back. Trowneer, Ringwood, Juno, Silvia, and Venus, came in sight of him; they were close at his heels: a fine burst followed Goody's shout. Renard saw that all flight would avail him nothing—he stood still—grinned ghastly—the hounds seized him, and put a final period to his life; Goody exultingly exclaiming at the same time—"I told you what you would come to! I knew you would come to the dogs!"

The huntsman, with several of the sportsmen, came up; and, in a little time, the whole number were arranged round Goody. Mr. T—— said—"Whoever claims a right to the brush, I petition to resign it up to the widow, here, who has so ably manifested herself worthy of the honour of this day's hunt—Will you accept, widow?"

"That I will, your honour," replied she; "and shall be as proud of it as my dear boys are of a sword and gun. I will march home with the spoils of the enemy, and signs of victory."

"With respect to the spirited widow's loss," said Mr. T——, "I shall set an example, which I trust will operate to a full reimbursement. Come, huntsman, hold your cap;" and, tossing in half-a-crown, said—"Go round with it, for the benefit of your correspondent." "God bless your honour," said Goody. "But pray let me walk round with my bonnet, and thank your honour's goodness, and the

the gentlemen's libility, as is combent upon me."

"No, no, Goody," said Mr. T——, "I respect a woman of spirit and understanding; but most particularly when she has benefited our king and country, by adding to the number of those brave and gallant heroes, who are our defence, and the glory of both."

"Your honour," said Goody, "will pardon me; but I must be so famalar as to say, that I shall love and adore your honour for that purlatively fine speech, the longest day I have to live. My most learnedest and wisest master was proud of his speechifying; but I must and will say, and declare, that, with all his fine and hard words, he never made so fine and so excellent a speech in his life."

"I have a notion, Goody," said Mr. T——, "that you could tell a good story, if we had time to hear it."

"Your honour is right," replied Goody; "if there was time, and your honour had patience to hear it, mayhaps I could do it. But, to speak generously and canradely, I was never able to finish a story in my life; want of refreshment, want of sleep, or one thing or another, always put a parrade to my tale, before I could wind up the tastofy."

"Goody," said a smart young farmer, "do you speak English or Latin?"

Goody's eyes sparkled as she cast them towards Mr. T——, and they seemed to intimate—may I speak my sentiments without giving you offence? Mr. T—— understood their meaning; he gave the widow a look of approbation, at the same time inclining his head towards the young farmer, as much as to say—at him, Goody, don't be afraid.

Goody comprehended his significant look, and said to the young farmer—"Pray, may I be so bold as to ax where you was redicated, that you don't know your mother's tongue, which every sucking child, who has any brains in its pecanum understands the moment it is born."

A long and loud burst of laughter ensued. The widow enjoyed it, and was all sprightliness. The huntsman emptied the contents of his cap into her lap—about ten half-crown pieces, more than twenty shillings, and near thirty sixpences. Goody courtesied, thanked the gentlemen, and said—"A heavy purse makes a light heart; good luck and a light heart will make the tongue nimble. My worst enemy is dead, as the tofy in my bonnet bears witness; that is the best luck any body can wish or desire—my pocket is lined with silver, and that is the next best luck, unless it was lined with gold—therefore, if my tongue have been too free and too nimble, I ax ten thousand pardons; and I give you, gentlemen, ten thousand thanks. But, respecting the good Squire, and his kind, loving huntsman, and the dear hounds, pretty tattling souls, I can never thank them enough; but then I shall love and respect them as long as I live, and my tongue shall make their praise to be heard, when my dear boys come back—and back they will come, that is certain; for the haroes of Old England will never be conquered nor frighted, but will let folks to know who and who's together, and see that right and justice be ministered: then a few of these spanking pieces shall fly: we'll drink your honour's health; success to the chase; glory and victory to Old England; long life and prosperity to the king; and peace and plenty to every body.

"I have

"I have a power more to say, your honour, but must leave my ration unfinished, like all my former tales and stories, for want of time. Your honour must stand in need of refreshment; so do the pretty hounds, for they have had a tiresome jaunt; and so must the gentlemen; and so do your humble servant. Besides, I want to publish the glorious victory of this day; to shew the honour upon my head, and to talk over my good fortune. I'll never more mind dreams nor ormurous signs; for good can and do come out of evil: so a fig for care. But your honour has not time to hear all I could say, so I will parspun it to another opportunity. Your honour's most humblest and greatiousest servant."

Bobbing up and down very quick, Goody turned her face towards her little cottage, singing—"Now the wars are all over;" and the sportsmen, highly diverted, returned home, full of the recollection of Goody's words, actions, and behaviour.

THE

MADMAN AND SPORTSMAN.

An Anecdote from Poggio Bracciolini.

IN one of the works of this author is related a story, which has been omitted in his life, lately published. It is necessary to premise, that the subject of the section in which he has introduced it is the folly of pursuits, the expence of which is greater than the pleasure produced is worth. Poggio himself thus relates it—

"A physician of Milan, who undertook the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, and some to the chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected. One of the madmen, who was on the point of his recovery, happening to be standing at the house door, saw a young nobleman pass, with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with the usual equipage of hawking dogs, falconers, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to know to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered, to kill certain birds. "And how much," said the madman, "may be the worth of all the fowls you kill in a year." The noble replied, "five or ten crowns." "And what," said the madman, "may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you in within the year?" "About five thousand crowns," replied the gentleman. "Five thousand crowns!" replied the madman, and gazing at him a moment with the wild earnestness of an approaching frenzy, he seized him by the shoulder, and forcing him into the pit, immerged him several times in the water (the usual practice of his master, with his more desperate patients). Having thus ducked him, he led him back to the door. "Hark'ye, my friend," said he, dismissing him, "take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for, should our doctor come home, he'll drown you but what he will cure you."

This anecdote, says Poggio, may appear to be invented to enforce my present subject, but I received it from the most satisfactory authority; and there is in it such a mixture of that wildness, and instinctive energy of intellect, so peculiar to madmen in a state of recovery, that I fully believe it to have happened as related.

A BATTLE

A BATTLE
BETWEEN
A TIGER AND AN ALIGATOR;
OR,
Wonderful Instance of providential Preservation, described in a Letter, from the Captain of the Devonport Guinea-man, dated July, 1798.

"SOME time after my arrival at the British Factory, Cape Casta, on board the Devonport Guinea-man, I was sent for by the commodore, who was stationed in the Diana Frigate to protect the trade of the place before mentioned, and appointed by him to command a sloop, employed on the service of conveying slaves, teeth, gums, and other merchandize from the company's factories, situated several hundred miles up the river Congo, down to the principal depot, at the Cape. The sloop carried six swivels, and was manned with nine negroes, and two north country seamen, named Johnson and Campble, the former of whom was my mate. After receiving orders, relative to the duty on which I was employed, we proceeded on our voyage, and had navigated nearly fifty leagues up the country, when, one morning the breezes died away suddenly, and we were compelled, by a strong current running against us, to drop anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore. In this situation the sloop remained for three days, during which time the circumstances fell out I am about to communicate; circumstances so improbable in themselves, so marvellous, as almost to border upon impossibility, but nevertheless, declared by me, as a spectator, to be a most perfect reality. To resume my narrative—the bosom of the deep appeared as it always does in these parts, while the calm prevails, extremely tranquil, and the heat, which was intolerable, had made us so languid, that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of the evening, to bathe in the waters of Congo: however, myself and Johnson were deterred from this project by the apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the progress of our voyage, and those enormously large. At length, Campble alone, who had been making too free with his liquor case, was obstinately bent on going overboard; and, although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, dashed into the watery element, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on the deck discovered an alligator making towards him, from behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible; his destruction inevitable; and I applied to Johnson how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility to save him; and instantly seized upon a loaded carbine to shoot the poor fellow before he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this, but waited with horror the tragedy we anticipated; yet, willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shot at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hail stones on a tiled penthouse, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded.

The report of the piece, and the hollowing of the black's from the sloop's deck soon made Campble acquainted with his danger; he saw the creature making for him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of made for the shore. And now the moment's arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble

ble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a fierce and voracious tiger sprung towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campble was preserved. The eager tiger, by overleaping him, encountered the gripe of the amphibious monster. A desperate conflict ensued between them: the water was discoloured with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained, for the tiger's death was now effected. They both sunk to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator. Campble was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board: he spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had perfectly sobered him; but, the moment he leaped on the deck, fell upon his knees and returned thanks to the Providence who had so protected him: and what is more singular, from that moment to the time I am writing, has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has been heard to utter a single oath. If ever there was a perfectly reformed being in the universe, Campble is the man."

R. N. N.

HUMOUROUS ORIGIN OF NAMES.

FROM the earliest times, it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could not be done by pointing out the personal qualities, or places of residence; for John, the son of John, or William, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers; and Mr. Heavisides, Messrs. Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinsides, Anguishes, and Hedacres, owed the appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sanguines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy thoughtless sinners of the earliest age.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings; and their names may possibly point out the places where exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We must not, for fear of an action, trace back the ancestry of Mr. Highwayman; but that of Mr. Gentleman would, probably, do him credit.

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station of their parents, thus: Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Janison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mother's names, those of their father's being unknown; but Misson, and Goddison, were visibly the produce of the *faux pas* of Miss and of Goody; whereas Jennison, Nel son, Bet-son, &c. were the slips of dairy and milk-maids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose fathers were known. Masterson and Stewardson, shew the children of the master and steward; while Jackson, Thompson, and Wilson, were the misbegotten offspring of

of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of the particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry was given to some pleasant, brisk Worcestershire lad; and that of Perkin to one of a late description, born in one of the cyder countries, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordieary names. Many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones; such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is a German name for a tree garden, that is, an orchard; and the latter, signifying, in the same tongue, (Ickenbaum) an oak tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as John Hostler! Betty Chambermaid! Jenny Cook! Will Tapster! and Sam Boots!

For the Sporting Magazine.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY,

During the Festival of Christmas, at Houghton Hall, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Cholmondeley.

THIS noble Earl, during the last three weeks, has entertained upwards of thirty persons of distinction at his Lordship's elegant seat, at Houghton, in the county of Norfolk, with all the pleasures and comforts attached to this happy season, a custom that has for ages distinguished the supporters of his Lordship's ancient and noble house; nor has his Lordship's liberality been confined to the circle of selected friendship, the whole neighbourhood, for a considerable extent, has for the time felt the sun-shine of his bounty; not a being but has received comforts at his hand! not a voice but has sang of his urbanity! not a foot but has capered at the general harmony! not a face but has wore the smiles of gratitude! not a tongue but extols its noble neighbour!

So abundantly stored is his Lordship's private woods with charms for the sportsman, that fourteen guns were one day sent into them for recreation; and the gentlemen returned with 133 head of game. But this will not appear extraordinary, when I relate to you, friend Wheble, that about four years ago, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was of the Earl's party, they brought from these woods to Houghton Hall, and nearly in the same space of time, 286 head; so that, were his Lordship's stock of provisions to give way to his generosity, he would have little else to do but to put a gun into each man's hand, and he might be sure to provide himself with a dinner; which, together with the delightful wines of Houghton, would not fail to make him boast—

"The Feast of Reason, and the flow of Soul!"

There is a something in this kind of liberality that never fails to warm the hearts of true-born Englishmen; because it distinguishes a bent of inclination so honourable to their forefathers, and so materially different from the sordid, selfish, and uncharitable pursuits of 7-10ths of their present descendants, "less *wise*, but more *fashionable*." T. N.

THE RESULT OF THE GRAND ROWING MATCH, BETWEEN LONDON & GRAVESEND.

(See Page 168 of our last Number.)

THIS was decided on Tuesday, the 31st ult.—The parties, as we before mentioned, started from Gravesend at half past eight that morning.

The subject was so local in its nature, that it interested a vast number of people, according as they felt for the honour of either place. A great quantity of boats were out for the purpose of seeing the contest, and considerable sums were laid in bye bets. Captain Durand was in the Rambler, his own sailing boat; and Major Warrington was also on board of a pleasure boat.

The wind blew very fresh in from the Nore, and the water in consequence was very rough. Some of the Londoners were observed to be *catching crabs*, that is, missing the hold they intend to take of the water with their oar, and by that means sometimes pulling the wrong way.

The Gravesend men were used to rowing with the water in such a state; and, besides this, their boat was better calculated to stand the bobbing of the sea; they soon shot two or three boats' length a-head. However, the Londoners persevered, and rowed down to the Lights at the Nore. They there lost sight of the Gravesend men, as they had doubled round the Lights.

This was not thought much of, as it was supposed that the Londoners would have the superiority higher up the river, where they would understand the different settings of the current, and would turn into them, or into the places where the slack was known to be, according as it might be found most advantageous. However, in doubling the Lights, they could hardly keep their boat in steerage way; and when they had got a little farther, one of the London watermen said that he clearly saw it was of no avail to pull any farther, and positively gave it in.

Captain Durand's boat, which headed them a good deal at this time, put about to see if all was well with them, and soon found that every thing was not right. The London watermen were then taken on board the Rambler, and their boat towed up astern of her.

The Gravesend men pursued their course, and came in with flying colours, as it may be said, huzzaing, and occasionally taking one hand from the oar to wave the other above their heads. It was then half past four, and they had rowed near eighty miles in eight hours.

Among the great quantity of boats which were then on the river, some of them cutters, with eight or ten oars, it was difficult for the people on shore to know the London or the Gravesend, or even which were the prize boats, and there were a few huzzas on shore in return; but those, who were more acute, observed that there was no huzzaing on board the Rambler, which would have been the case if the Londoners had been successful.

It was soon seen that the Gravesend men rowed over to the North side of the water, and put in near Smitham's (the place of their setting up at) in Limehouse.

The London watermen came into Captain Durand's house, where, notwithstandidg their misfortune, they were entertained in the most liberal manner.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

A COMEDY, bearing this title, made its first appearance here, on Tuesday, the 7th of February.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor Heartall	Mr. Dowton.
Frank Heartall	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Malfort, senior	Mr. Powell.
Malfort, junior	Mr. Pope.
Captain Woodley	Mr. Russel.
Mr. Ferret	Mr. Palmer.
Simon	Mr. Caulfield.
Timothy Quaint	Mr. Collins.
The Widow Cheerly	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Malfort	Mrs. Young.
Julia	Miss H. Kelly.
Mrs. Fidget	Mrs. Sparks.
Mrs. Townley	Mrs. Maddocks.
Susan	Mrs. Scott.

The interest of the piece chiefly arises from the villany of Ferret; and of the Fable the following is a correct outline—

The senior Malfort, for some years resident in India, on his departure from England, appointed his only son to settle his family affairs there, and then to follow; but the young gentleman, attached to the pleasures of the town, and unheedful of his father's dictates, postponed his voyage to the Indies, and espoused the daughter of a City Banker, with whose brother he entered conjointly into business; in which, dissipation on the one part, and want of mercantile knowledge on the other, soon reduced the firm to bankruptcy and beggary. The anxious father in vain deplores the loss of his son; and the son, conscious of his disobedience, dares not apply to him for protection or relief; while the artful Ferret, agent to the elder Malfort, in London, craftily conceals them from each other's knowledge. In this dilemma, the younger Malfort, with his wife and only child, are reduced to an humble lodging, without the means of present sustenance. The young and wealthy widow of a country gentleman occupies the first floor in the same house, and to her Mr. Ferret is a sort of guardian, and the executor of her late husband. Heartall, a young and open-hearted merchant, on the preceding evening, beheld the widow in company with old Ferret at the opera; and, smitten with the unaffected simplicity of her demeanour, determines to discover her residence, in which he succeeds; but, on entering the house, Julia, the child of Malfort, attracts his notice; and she, supposing her mother to be the lady he so anxiously inquires about, instantly conducts him to her presence: he finds her absorbed in grief, and, supposing her seduced by some wanton libertine, and abandoned to the world, he offers his protection. The entrance of her husband terminates the interview, and Heartall retires, with apologies for his intrusion; and takes the speediest method of alleviating their distress, making their own child the instrument of his munificence. This generous action is represented by the malevolent Ferret to old Governor Heartall, as a mere covering for his nephew's evil designs upon Mrs. Malfort, and exasperates the uncle almost to a pitch of frenzy. The distresses of Malfort and his family reach the ear of the benevolent Widow, who introduces herself, and with a bounteous delicacy, by stratagem, relieves them. Ferret, indefatigable in mischief, sets all his engines at work to counteract the views of Young Heartall, with respect to the Widow, and endea-

vouring to inflame the mind of Malfort, junior, with jealousy, by an anonymous epistle, endangers the lives of both parties, in the wicked hope of becoming heir to the uncle and the father's wealth. The Widow's brother, Captain Woodley, arrives, and is recognized by Heartall as his old friend and school-fellow, but is entirely ignorant that the Widow Cheerly is his sister. A future meeting takes place between them at the Widow's lodgings, where Heartall, supposing the Captain his rival, an equivoque ensues, wherein the lively Widow gives full scope to her vivacity. Ferret having received intimation of the arrival of the elder Malfort, and dreading his resentment, hastens to Malfort, junior, and with pretended bounty offers large sums, beseeching him to fly and seek his father in the Indies; but his deep scheme is counteracted by the appearance of Malfort, senior, who bitterly reproaches him with his ungrateful conduct, and abandons him to the reflections of a guilty conscience. With astonishment the younger Malfort recognizes his father, who receives him, and his afflicted wife, with all the tenderness of parental affection. The artifices of Ferret are now developed on all hands; and, at a general meeting of the parties at the Governor's house, the hypocrite is summoned to account for his enormities: he pleads the vice of avarice, and its concomitant evils, as his only excuse; promises repentance in retirement; and, in a generous disposal of his wealth, endeavours to seek a palliation for his errors. All mistakes are then cleared up, and the hand of the lively Widow rewards the benevolence of the generous Heartall.

The author of this play, for we doubt much whether it should hold a situation in the class of English comedy, is Mr. Cherry, the comedian, who has at least the merit of interesting an audience, by a luxuriance of domestic sorrows, much greater than has been witnessed in our acting drama for the last fifty years. The tale of woe is not only long, but in several instances it is thrice told; yet the sentiments are noble and edifying, and the diction is, with very few exceptions, elegant and impressive. In the plot there is little to arrest the attention, and the business is, in its origin and progress, cold and languid; but some of the characters are delineated with vigour; and, if we are not kept alive by action, or delighted by unexpected incidents, we cannot repress our applause to the genuine bursts of pathos, both in idea and expression, which occur in almost every scene. The writer's great defect has been to make his characters speak, instead of making them act. They describe, indeed, what is perfectly understood; but an English audience would have been better pleased to have seen the thing *done* than to have heard it *related*. He narrates all his principal events, when he should imitate human action, and bring forward a representation of real life on the scene. The morality of the play is unobjectionable, both in occasional sentiment, and in its grand admonition, which exposes to contempt and horror, the monstrous consequences to virtue, and to social happiness, arising from the passion of avarice.

Among the characters, those of Governor Heartall, of Frank Heartall, of Ferret, and Timothy Quaint, are the most highly finished; and they were admirably represented by Dowton, Bannister, Palmer, and Collins. Pope evinced true sensibility in the part of Young Malfort; and the characters of Malfort, senior, Captain Woodley, and Simon, were

were very ably filled by Powell, Russell, and Caulfield. Mrs. Young was tender and affecting in Mrs. Malfort; and the character of the Widow Cheerly received, from Mrs. Jordan every aid and embellishment which the author could wish. The best scene in the play is unquestionably that in which the jealousy of Frank Heartall is excited, by the interview he has with the Widow, in the presence of her brother, Captain Woodley. The equivoque is happily maintained, and the explanation skilfully managed.

The piece takes its title from the Widow Cheerly, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer, Colonel Woodley; and the conclusion is truly military, as she speaks both to the performers and to the audience, in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

The Prologue—which, with the Epilogue, appears in the Poetical department of our Magazine—was judiciously delivered by Mr. Pope: and, in the Epilogue, Mrs. Jordan drew forth reiterated bursts of applause. The idea of raising a female army of reserve had an excellent effect, and the materials of which this Amazonian host was to be composed excited considerable merriment—

"Old maids sharp-shooters, widows pioneers,
"Maids the battalion, wives the fusileers:"

with the allusion to the great numbers of *light troops* ready to meet the enemy, convulsed the house with laughter.

The Soldier's Daughter was received throughout, by an overflowing audience, with universal plaudits, and announced for a second representation amid repeated testimonies of approbation.

To this account of its first performance we have to add, that the Soldier's Daughter is become an amazing favourite with the Town, and has every night since brought crowded houses.

One of the most lively scenes in the play is at the commencement of the Third Act, in which the Widow Cheerly and Frank Heartall enter, laughing—

Widow. Ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, Sir—I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners—and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, Madam; —we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners, and the plainness of our dealings.

Widow. Indeed, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, Madam; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning—without so much as a yes—or a No;—the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence: but, if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting-house a dumb, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Widow. A dumb and honourable orator!—who is that, pray?

Frank H. The Ledger.

Widow. But now you are out of the counting house, I perceive *your* eloquence is not of that mute nature—*You* are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, Madam.

Widow. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, Sir—but should I bring you to book—notwithstanding all your boasted regularity—there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have *sometimes* staked your credit at too great a venture—in case of a *consignment* now, we'll say—for instance—a lady's heart—

Frank H. O!—Errors excepted!

Widow. —What, you own it, do you?

Frank H.

Frank H. Yes, Madam—in a mercantile way:—Look you, Madam—I am a plain fellow,—neither more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—*an English Merchant*;—I throw down no man's inclosure—trample upon no man's corn—take nothing from the industrious labourer—pay the poor man for his work, and communicate my profit with mankind:—I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed—and what I can fairly spare I can distribute freely:—If you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself—there it is—you have it, Madam.

Widow. Why, really, Sir, I never heard a better character,—and, if you could contrive to get it backed by the churchwardens of your parish, I might perhaps give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, Madam—if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow,—I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret—he perhaps may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself;—he knows me.—

Widow. He hinted as much!—[*dryly.*

Frank H. Did he? then that's all you can expect from him:—He hinted to me that he knew *you*—but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close lipped curmudgeon.

Widow. My situation, Sir, is above disguise—I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly—and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died—bequeathing to his son and daughter his sole possession—his laurels, and his honour.

Frank H. Enviable, Madam, though not substantial.

Widow. Now, Sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. I am a single woman.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. But have been married.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. My husband dead.

Frank H. (*aside*) Thank Heaven!—I know that too.

Widow. A free disencumber'd estate—

Frank H. Damn the estate—I beg your pardon, Ma'am—don't mention the estate—You are single—that's enough:—you have been married—did you like the state?—

Widow. Yes—I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—fond of your husband?—

Widow. Humph—Y——es—I think I was:—I was married but three years—did'nt see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what!——not in three years?—

Widow. No—the sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day-break—himself and his friends generally returned in the evening time enough for a late dinner—drank their wine and went to bed;—the next morning—

Frank H. Well, Madam—the next morning—?

Widow. The same career commenced again—and so on to the end of the *Third Chapter*.

Frank H. And, for Heaven's sake, Madam, how did you behave?

Widow. Why, Sir—how *should* I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, Madam—but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family, between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Widow. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits;—his eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate—and as

as he introduced me to each new guest—he would say, "This is my wife—look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine-cellar —My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it.—Kiss me, my girl,—make my friends welcome—and let's have a good dinner."

Frank. H. And tho' thus neglected—you complied?

Widow. Neglected—I never felt in that sense—the strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable; an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife:—besides it was his only failing—for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly—his whole estate was at my disposal—either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex—or in the more solid sensations of extenuating human misery.

Frank H. He was a good man—upon my soul he was a good man—but rather too fond of hunting:—had I such a wife——

Widow. You'd be fond of hunting too: Nay—in open defiance of the laws, trespass, perhaps, upon your neighbour's manor.

Frank H. Upon my word you wrong me, Madam—but your good humour charms me; your eyes first enslaved my heart—and your temper rivets my chain:—how shall I convince you that I love you?—

Widow. To what purpose would you convince me?—You have a heart ventured on another voyage—when it returns, you may calculate the profit and loss—if you find it still marketable—perhaps the bargain may be offered—to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, Madam.—

Widow. No—that's surprising:—pray, Sir, have you not visited another lady in this house?—

Frank H. Madam—a—no—ther lady?

Widow. Yes—Sir, another lady;—to whom you were pleased to say, as I am inform'd, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam—

Widow. You were much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes—

Frank H. Upon my honour, Madam, you—you—yes, at it again—another scrape! *(aside)*

Widow. A husband—will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder—and, if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation in a whole skin——

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeas'd with his adventure.

Widow. Am I right, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, Madam—the *entries* are pretty fair—but as to the sum total——

Widow. O!—*Errors excepted!*—

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! That I have accidentally convers'd with a lady in this house, does not admit of a doubt—but let the result of that interview be what it may—my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

For the Sporting Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
Celebrated Canine Performer of Drury Lane Theatre.

NEARLY a century ago, some gentlemen who were not tame spectators of what went forward in the world at that time, perceiving among the play-going people

people of their day, a predilection for the animal creation, proposed the introduction of such beasts and birds as might appear properly qualified to fill up certain parts in the drama. But this scheme, though well recommended, and although clearly demonstrated to be practicable, even on a very extensive scale, fell to the ground. The public at large was not yet ripe for so great a revolution, nor disposed to see plays acted without some decent proportion of the human species on the stage. The record of it, however, remaining in print, the manager of one of our theatres lately laid hold of it, studied it with great attention, foresaw the possibility of success, and the strongest probability of profit, and determined to attempt a revival of the scheme, by adding a Newfoundland dog to the other performers of a new opera, which was, to use a theatrical phrase, to be got up with all the strength, not only of the house, but of the kennel. An author was accordingly employed, who could write a part suited to the talents of this dumb candidate for public applause; and a fable was invented, such as might exhibit a dog to the greatest advantage. How well the scheme has succeeded, the most crowded audiences of modern times, in the largest theatre ever built, have amply testified every night since the first appearance of this bold project.

It has not, however, been unanimously applauded by the critics, from whom, perhaps, perfect unanimity is not to be expected in any case. Some of them admit of the ingenuity, while they doubt the originality, of the plan, and wish to remind us of the learned dogs, horses, and pigs, which the managers under the auspices of St. Bartholomew, have for many years exhibited in Smithfield. But there are others who think proper to represent the introduction of dogs as an insult to the dignity of the drama, an infringement of the rights of man, and probably as the first step to the entire exclusion of the human species. Here I beg leave to pause. I cannot hastily subscribe to these opinions. I have not that quick apprehension of the dangers of innovation which prompts some politicians to look always to extreme cases. With whatever view the managers introduced this new performer—and my private opinion is, that they had at first but one intention—I am inclined to think that much may be said in favour of the experiment, and much good may be expected, if it can be carried on to what our new philosophers call perfectability. I am certain, at least, that in this conjecture I shall have the approbation of this ingenious and long-sighted philosopher, who declares, that he can conceive the happy days when a plough may perform its operations in the field without the impulse of man or horse. Surely a much less effort may be sufficient to render a dog as good an actor as some who have, in the bills, enjoyed that title for a much longer period. This I trust I may venture to affirm, if the mere question of ability is considered. But there are other weighty points to be attended to; and although the managers may deserve censure for arrogating to themselves the invention of a very old scheme, yet if it tends equally to their advantage, and to the amusement and refined taste of the public—which seems to be the case in the present instance—we ought to make every possible allowance, and even extend our forgiveness, and hail the day on which we have seen a British theatre become a place of "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

In

In this true spirit of candour, then, I already foresee, that, although mere profit is the only ostensible object, our managers have a much deeper design in prospect, by which the public will ultimately be a gainer. It is well known, that of late years, the salaries of performers have been augmented truly enormously. We hear of L.20, and sometimes of L.30 per night, as the salary of certain ladies and gentlemen. It is evident, that, without a suitable encouragement on the part of the public, the treasuries of our theatres must soon be exhausted; and the fact is, as I am credibly informed, that the public has, in many instances, been so remiss in their patronage, that very many losses have been sustained. This fatal disproportion betwixt expenditure and receipt, has been the confutation of that pleasing idea, that great salaries make great performers. Now, in this view of the matter, it must be obvious, that the introduction of four-legged actors, who are equally popular, that is, draw as full houses—which has been the case in the instance before us—must be a prodigious saving.

Another circumstance deserves here to be considered, which has given managers a great degree of trouble and anxiety, and has often been accompanied with empty boxes. The greatest performers, who are at the same time the best paid, are apt to relax in their services at certain times, and that without any intention, or wilful purpose, of disobliging either the manager or the town, but merely from a species of torpor which great actors sometimes feel, benumbing their faculties, and which can be removed only by a fresh stimulus applied to the part affected. The appearance of a rival has, in many cases, proved very effectual in curing this disorder, and restoring to the actor his proper tone and agility.

Now, under the pressure of such difficulties, was it not wise in the managers to start such a rival, who boggled so little about articles of agreement, that he came when whistled for, whose merits the town immediately acknowledged, and who has already produced such houses, of which Shakespear and Garrick might have been proud? The truth is, it was not only wise, but, if my information be not incorrect, it has been eminently successful. The other performers, to a man and woman, are now more alert, and more desirous to regain their popularity, snatched from them by an actor who will not be reasoned with, and who will admit of no improper liberties.

I cannot conceal, however, that perhaps the experiment has been carried too far. Some of the performers are seriously apprehensive lest they may never be able, after the appearance of so popular a genius, to regain their favour with the town, and fill the house as they were wont to do. They say, perhaps with some truth, that if the managers had begun at the bottom of the scale of talents, and produced a bull, a bear, or some more illiterate specimen, whether from Bartholomew Fair, or Bartholomew Lane, it would have been sufficient for a mere experiment, and perhaps have occasioned a very salutary rivalship; but at once to pit so much sagacity and fidelity against the company, was forming a contrast too strong for the present state of dramatic merit.

The justice of these suggestions I shall not stop to investigate, because, in whichever way we determine, our decision can produce no effect. The managers have given the question out of their own hands,

by referring to that tribunal from which there is no appeal; I mean the town, who have decided, as far as numbers and door-money can decide, in favour of the quadrupedal performer. The consequence need not be enlarged upon: it is evident they must proceed in bringing on from time to time a succession of animals, whelped, or littered, or kittened, into performers. I trust, however, with their usual prudence, they will produce them principally in new pieces; and that for two reasons—first, that they may avoid comparisons; and, secondly, to spare the feelings of other actors, which will be humane. Such, however, has been the encouragement and patronage generously and tastefully bestowed upon this experiment, that it must be repeated in one way or other; and whoever knows any thing of zoology, knows that a very wide field is now opened.

So numerous are the talents of the dog, that naturalists have written prolix volumes on the subject, collected from the experience of all nations. Yet it now appears, that some of their most valuable qualities have escaped the most anxious research. They have been renowned principally for watching a house, guarding a flock of sheep, leading the blind, catching a hare or a fox, and many other tricks and stratagems becoming quadrupeds: but what are these, to that merit, hitherto not even hinted at by naturalists, which they have exhibited on the stage, not only in performing their part without the aid of a prompter, or the temptation of a salary, but in attracting the most numerous and brilliant audiences, and in drawing down bursts of applause, which the audiencee seems to think no other performers deserve in the same degree. It is surely no small merit to share that popularity which was once the exclusive property of the works of Shakespear and Jonson, of Congreve, and of Sheridan; and of the acting of Booth and Betterton, of Garrick, and of Kemble, and of Siddons, and of Jordan. Did not our great moralist deserve the name of "Blinking Sam," when he could see no farther than the revolution prophesied in the following lines?

> "But who the coming change can presage,
> And mark the future periods of the stage?
> Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
> On flying cars new sorcerers may ride.
> Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance—
> Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance."

This is, on the part of the managers, an appeal to the town, to quicken the efforts of those who appear to have been remiss in their duty. It is an experiment, to try whether the places of those who cannot be softened by salaries and benefits, may be advantageously filled by those to whom salaries and benefits are unknown. The trial, however, is but begun, and one dog only has been formally engaged. Who can tell how many of that species may not yet be made substitutes for the best of our authors and actors? and when dogs shall be exhausted, who shall fix bounds to the performances of cats, monkies, and baboons? Or, what sublimity of feeling, and what closeness of attention, can the present drama produce, compared to the hopes and fears of an audience, when they shall be treated with the novel spectacle of real tigers prowling for real prey; or the more extraordinary appearance of a real lion sparing a real virgin?

NAMES

NAMES OF HOUNDS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

A SPORTSMAN may perhaps find some entertainment in looking over the names belonging to a pack of hounds in a former century. I have, therefore, on that account, inserted the following, from a very old hunting ballad—

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Hurry and Harkaway, Steady and Stroller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and Cryer,
Gangwell and Ginglewell, Fairmaid and Fryer,
Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and Trouncer,
Foamer and Forrester, Bonner and Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jumper,
Tarquin and Tamerlane, Thunder and Thumper.

Out of all these appellations, only two seem to commemorate the party disputes of the age. "Bonner" might refer to the Marian persecution; and "Gundamore" certainly meant the celebrated Spaniard who hood-winked our British Solomon, James I.

In a play of Mrs. Behn's, we find a whig knight calling his house-dog—"Tory."

Your's, &c. J. J. B.

BOXING.

TOM BLAKE, *alias* TOM TOUGH, AND JACK HOLMES.

THE Town has not been known for these many years to be so full of amateurs and patronizers of boxing as it is at present. After the famous battle between the Chicken and Burke, on Monday, the 23d ult. [see page 214 of our last Number] they caused it to be published amongst the fighting squad, that a purse of twenty guineas would be ready in a few days for any two heroes of the fist to fight for, who, on due examination, should be considered as qualified to engage.

Among the numerous candidates on the occasion, Tom Blake, *alias* Tom Tough, and Jack Holmes, a Knightsbridge coachman, were selected. These men, though not much mentioned of late in the fighting world, were nevertheless considered to be in the front rank of pugilists The Coachman acquired great celebrity from a terrible battle which he fought in Harley Fields, about twelve years ago, which he won, after an hour's severe contest. As for Tom Tough, fighting has been his trade for three years past; during which time he has seen a little service on board one of His Majesty's ships.

The money being deposited in proper hands, on Sunday evening, January 29, the time was also fixed for the battle to take place the next morning, behind St. George's Row, near the Paddington Canal. At eleven o'clock, an immense crowd had assembled, anxiously waiting for the arrival of the combatants, who were prevented from meeting at the time appointed, in consequence of receiving information that the owner of the field had sent for the Bow Street Officers, to clear the ground, and that they might be shortly expected. A consultation was therefore held amongst the subscribers, and it was agreed that the champions should adjourn to Wilsden Green, a distance of about four miles from town. The cavalcade immediately repaired to the spot; and at half past twelve

 o'clock

o'clock the ring was formed, and the two combatants entered it, "eager for the fight." When stripped, the opponents seemed equally paired, in point of size and apparent strength: they produced one of the best fought battles that has taken place for upwards of twenty years, not excepting the celebrated and memorable battle fought between Big Ben and Johnson.

The Coachman took the lead at starting; he put in a blow with his right hand on his antagonist's left side, which staggered him; then, following him up with his left hand, whipped him down. The odds, which were at the commencement six to four against the Coachman, were now the same in his favour.

The Second to the Seventh Round inclusive—consisted of the most severe hitting we ever witnessed. During the time, neither of the combatants tried to evade the other's blows, but stood up manfully, and fought with desperation. On setting to at the commencement of each round, no attempt was made at shifting, but a blow was given by one or the other immediately, and then continued fighting right and left till a blow brought one of them to the ground. No attempt whatever was made to close and throw each other. During the last rounds, the Coachman fell at the end of each; and the odds were about four to one against him.

The Twelfth and Thirteenth Rounds—were decidedly in favour of Tom, who knocked his opponent down each round at one blow. The next four rounds were fought, if possible, with more determined bravery than the former—neither exhibiting any signs of distress.

The Nineteenth Round—was fought with so much spirit, that it appeared as if the whole battle depended upon it. It ended in favour of Tom. The spectators applauded from every quarter.

From the Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Round—the combatants fought with unabated fury; the odds varying, during the time, six to four on both sides. Shouts of applause almost every round. Tom's left side, at this time, exhibited the marks of many a hard blow, appeared as raw as a piece of beef. Odds, three to one on Tom.

The Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth rounds—had well nigh proved fatal to Tom; the Coachman gave him such a blow each round that nearly carried away Tom's bowsprit. On his receiving the last blow, he twisted round, did not fall, but tacked about, and caught the Coachman in the larboard side, when Tom fell, from the violence of his own blow. Odds, three to one in favour of the Coachman.

The Twenty-ninth Round.—Tom came up quite lame; it appeared that he had sprained his knee desperately, and could scarce point his feet to the ground. His seconds wished to take him away, and all the spectators expressed their opinion it ought to be so. Tom insisted on another broadside, and was indulged. He was obliged to wait for his opponent's coming up, when he threw in his left hand, and hit the Coachman a violent blow on the temple, which brought him to the ground. As it was supposed to be a chance thing, and that he could not recover the sprain, ten to one was offered against Tom.

From the Twenty-ninth to the Thirty-fourth Round—Tom observed the same line of conduct; he remained firm, and suffered his opponent to come up to him.

From the Thirty-fourth to the Forty-first Round—Tom invariably had the best of it. On the Thirty-

fifth

fifth Round he seemed to be the better of his lameness, and any odds were now offered in his favour. When on the ground together, Tom would often pat the Coachman's cheek, and say, "thou art a good fellow, but must be beat."

Forty-first Round.—The Coachman rallied again, knocked down Tom, and had evidently the best of the round. The fight continued desperate, beyond any former example, to the Forty eighth Round, and appeared throughout in favour of Tom; they both hit as hard as at starting. The Coachman's face was even worse beat, and more shocking to behold, than Burke's, during any of his various combats, while Tom's side exhibited a scene horrid in the extreme.

The Forty-ninth Round—was decidedly in favour of the Coachman, having knocked down Tom. Tom took the lead the Fiftieth Round, and continued it till the Fifty-fifth. The Coachman shewed signs of being faint and weak, but never shrunk from a blow, or fell without being hit. Tom fought more sprightly, and having hit his antagonist a violent blow the last meeting, any odds were offered that the Coachman would not *touch collar* again: they were, however, all deceived, as the Coachman rallied again. The next Round he made a wonderful effort to beat down his opponent, in which he succeeded: every amateur stared with amazement.

The last Round—it appeared, was that on which the Coachman chiefly depended for the success of the battle; for though he struggled hard for superiority the remaining Rounds, to the Sixtieth, (which was the last) he failed in his attempt; but the Coachman's defeat was considered more glorious by the amateurs, than any victory that has occurred for many a day.

TO PRODUCE A YELLOW ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

TAKE the genistella or sweet-broom; cut it down within a few inches of the ground; engraft upon the central stems—for they are always the best, because the sap is there the most nourishing, provided the plant be healthy—slips from the white rose-bush; and if the process be properly managed, you shall not fail to produce the rose without a thorn, and of colour as yellow as the most brilliant jonquil.

TO MAKE AN AQUATIC GARDEN.

DRIVE a strong stake into the centre of your bason, or garden pond; let the upper part of your stake be previously fashioned for the purpose, then place thereon an old cart, coach, or chaise wheel, according to the size of your pond or bason; but before you do this, let the basket-maker weave strong osiers between the spokes, for a bottom, and from the extremity of the wheel, let him raise at least sixteen inches of wicker-work, in a tasty way, or like the turn-over sides of a lady's work-basket, and let this be well painted, of a bright green, or any other colour pleasing to the fancy. Now take some good clay or loam; let it be well kneaded, and the inside of the wheel or basket lined with it to the top, like the bottom of a dish for a pie. This done, fill up with good mould, and raise your heap round or high in the middle. A bunch of the blue iris will do well in the centre, the narcissus round the outer parts, and every kind of aquatic seed you may

may find room for. Water lilies of every description will do well, and every plant that loves a moist soil. Do this at an early time of the spring, and you will have in your own garden one of the brightest hortulanary beauties the imagination can conceive.

The Chinese, who have been for ages the best gardeners, have succeeded in numerous experiments of this kind.

A RAMBLE

FROM

BRISTOL TO MOUNT MENDIP.

Dundry Tor—Anecdote of Sir Edward Pellew—Mount Mendip—The dying Lamb—The Brimstone Pits—The Revern—City of Wells—Wookey Hole—Wells Cathedral—Glastonbury Tor—Fate of Whitting—Glastonbury Town—The Holy Thorn—The Abbey—St. Dunstan's Shrine—A Set-down at Bridgewater.

DUNDRY TOR.

THE purposes which drew me to Bristol being accomplished, I left that mart of noise and industry, just as the sun-beams began to play upon the mingling waters of Frome and Avon; and, mounting to the summit of Dundry, took my first meal in sweetness and rural serenity. Dundry is five miles south of the city, and the whole mountain to the sea producing coal of an excellent quality. The lofty Tor, or stone turret, on its awful brow, first caught my attention; and as I looked down on King Road, I had the singular satisfaction to see the Virginie come to an anchorage, a prize just taken from the enemy by Captain Sir Edward Pellew, of whom I had the happiness to learn the following anecdote.

ANECDOTE OF SIR E. PELLEW.

THE French General's Lady, who was on board the Virginie, being in bed when the action began, was fortunately moved to a place of greater safety; for, in a few minutes after, a shot tore the bed in pieces, and knocked off the head of one man, and the arm of another. She was now carried on board the Indefatigable, and appeared to be overcome with terror and affliction. Sir Edward Pellew remonstrated with her, assuring the lady that all danger was over; that she and her son were in perfect safety, and promised every protection in his power, begging at the same time to know the cause of her despondency. Madam acknowledged, she had been told, if she was taken by the English, she should be ill treated. Sir Edward soon quieted her fears on that head; for, presently after, perceiving an American vessel, he brought her to, and paid the captain a sum of money to carry the lady to her husband at Rochfort. He accompanied her and her son to the ship. At parting, she held out her hand to Captain Pellew, assuring him she had not words to thank him for his kindness; but begged Sir Edward to accept a diamond ring from her finger, which the liberal tar refused, observing, he could not think of a remuneration; that his own feelings were an ample recompence for the little attention he had been able to afford; and then, saluting the lady, returned to his own ship.

Such an anecdote relieves the mind amidst the horrors of war, and speaks with an hundred tongues in favour of our gallant countryman.

MOUNT MENDIP.

"FAREWELL," said I, "to Bristol," as I lost sight of that great city. My head sunk beneath the

the hill of Dundry, and my feet hastened to encounter new objects for my admiration. For seven miles, I found but little worthy of remark: the mug-houses, indeed, were exceptions; they made me conclude the polite arts had seldom or never travelled that way; for every sign I beheld was a blue ball, or a ball of some other colour; so that a stranger might as soon believe the master of the house took in pledges *, as that he sold ale and cyder. At Chew-Stoke, I halted for a little rest, and then proceeded to the top of miserable Mendip; where, if a few solitary blades of grass appeared, they were as thinly scattered as the teeth of a harrow.

THE DYING LAMB.

Scarce had I proceeded two miles among the sheep-walks, when I beheld, in the way before me, a stretched-out lamb. It appeared sleeping, and I prepared to turn aside rather than disturb it; yet I thought there was something singular in the attitude, and stooped to feel its silken coat. It was still warm, and lifted up its innocent eye lids. I placed it on its feet, but it could not stand. "Poor thing," said I, "how can I assist thee? Is there no shepherd at hand to advise with for thy relief?" I looked round the wide and inhospitable mountain, but saw nothing human. A flight of crows was coming towards us. I took the lamb and laid it on the moss: it breathed its last, and closed its eyes for ever.

I soon turned to look on the place of dissolution: the death-hunters were already descended, and seemed to be merrily fleecing their new-found subject. These hasty executors reminded me of unpleasant circumstances; for I had lately experienced something like their conduct in human society. Having nearly passed the top of this pathless mountain, ten thousand beautiful objects burst at once upon my sight: so quick was the transition from sadness to pleasure, that I became for a moment fascinated; the whole range of valley opened before me—I wish I could say—with its winding streams; but, alas! such are wanting to complete the paradisiacal scenery. At the foot of the heights on which I stood, the ancient cathedral and city of Wells appeared, as it were, tucked under the very side of Mendip, adding great lustre to the whole expansion.

THE BRIMSTONE PITS.

At a small distance on my right, a line of singular appearances caught my attention, and I made towards them. It was formed of a number of little hills, almost at equal distances, rising from the verge of the summit, and I had a great desire to examine their interior contents: but in this I was disappointed, for the workmen had left the place to take their mid-day meal. However, from one of them—a most miserable looking fellow—I presently learned that their business in these pits was, to dig brimstone, which they found in inexhaustible abundance; also to prepare it for the flannel-workers

* In the time of Edward II. the itinerant merchants of Lombardy were permitted to settle in London, in the street that still bears their name. Those bankers who advanced money upon pledges, hung out, as a token to distinguish them from the rest, the arms of Lombardy, a certain number of blue balls upon a white field; and their successors, the pawnbrokers, continue the custom to this day.

of

of Salisbury, and other places; and he farther informed me, that although the Calabrian brimstone was of a more pure nature, this of Mendip had equal strength, would whiten full as well, and suited the home manufacturers better, because it was obtainable at one third the purchase.

THE REVERY.

As I looked from this pleasing elevation, and beheld again the city at the bottom of the mountain, singular ideas mingled with my imagination. "Who knows," said I to myself, "but some evil disposed person may one day or other communicate fire to these repositories of combustible matter, and the city of Wells become another Herculaneum, beneath the lava of a volcano. Much treasure would then be laid up for future antiquaries; but, to counteract this advantage, a great loss might accrue to the established church of England; for the gentle living holders, who congregate in this place, for ease or indulgence, and wisely leave the drudgery of parochial duty to half-paid curates, would, in all probability, be enveloped by the liquid flames."

THE CITY OF WELLS

Is neat and well paved, but of no great extent. It has but one main street, at the lower extremity of which is its only parish church. Near the middle is a stone conduit of singular beauty and antiquity, and several good inns, for the accommodation of travellers. The town is full of sweet springs; indeed from this happy circumstance it derives its name. At all times the city of Wells is as quiet as it is clean: even during the bustle of election, when the storm rages fiercely through the kingdom, Wells enjoys a stark calm. The number of voters is about five hundred, and these so under the influence of Clement Tudwey, Esq. that he returns himself without any expence; and their old member, Mr. Portman, is also complimented with a return by the corporation. But few manufactories are here; and were it not for the numerous clergy who reside, from mercenary motives, you might walk about for a whole day and not meet a dozen idle persons. At the southern extremity of the town stands its ancient cathedral: but of this I shall speak in another place.

WOOKEY HOLE.

I HAVE just been on a visit to Wookey Hole. It is about a mile and a half from the town, under Mendip; a most romantic cavern, many fathoms deep, in the bosom of a rock. It admits no natural light; the visitor is therefore furnished with a candle by his guide, a very beautiful young woman, about nineteen, entirely unacquainted with those arts acquired in polished society; so that every action, and every word that falls from her tongue, may be fairly taken for the pure emanations of rural simplicity. From the house where you apply for admission, this modest lass conducts you up to the cavern door, which being shut, your entertainment commences, Furnished with a torch herself, she presents you with another, and thus begins her tale, which to be sure is too ridiculous to mention, were it not certain to be the fountain of much merriment—

"They do say, that once upon a time, before our Saviour came upon the earth, that the witch of Wookey lived in this cave; that she had great power; that she knew all things, and could turn all she did touch into stone; that she had an evil spirit to attend upon her; and that

that spirit they do say was the devil; but in this they are not clearly sure. Now when the old witch of Wookey heard that our Saviour was born, to put away all witchcraft, she grew very sorrowful, and determined to destroy herself, but first to turn all she respected into stone. The first thing was her pipe; and here it is,"—shewing something as like a wheel-barrow as a tobacco-pipe;—"and then she threw away her stopper; and they do say the evil spirit helped it in its flight, and that it pitched seven miles off, by the town of Glastonbury, and that the very Tor that now stands grew out of it. This place is called the old witch's kitchen—that is a flitch of bacon—and that a rabbit stripped of its skin, intended for her dinner—and this is her turnspit dog—and here you see the old witch's cupboard, where she used to keep her bread and cheese—and this is a pillar of salt. And now you are in the parlour—and this is the head of the lion that used to wait on the old witch of Wookey—and there, in that great chair, she used to sit, but never could sleep. You are now in the great hall—please to hold up your light, and see the lofty roof, and other shining curiosities, all in petrifaction—and here at the bottom, is a river of fine water, which turns the paper-mill without, and which they do say comes all the way from Chedder, and waters all the villages for many miles; and into this hole they put a living dog, which found its way out six miles under the mountain; and in this water, Master did catch a trout, the other day, that weighed six pounds:—and now you are got to the end of Wookey Hole; and if you please, we will go back again." The custom is, here to salute your conductress, which I did not fail to comply with.

And now, after slipping and sliding, sometimes up, and often down; after beating my sconce against the rocks, and being many times in danger of breaking my limbs; wet with the everlasting drippings from the petrifactions; sinking and mounting, mounting and sinking; to the great joy of myself, I once more beheld the light of heaven, and heard from the thickets above, the song of the blackbird. If ever I am caught in Wookey Hole again, may I be petrified, and shewn among the witch's rarities, as another curiosity to gratify those who, like myself, relinquish ease and safety, for mental gratifications.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Returning to Wells, I now paid my visit to its aged cathedral, a building covered with a profusion of excellent sculpture. But, alas! the wanton hands of fanaticism have been here but too busy—not a saint, a savage, or a sovereign, but wants a head, an arm, or some other member. However, with all its imperfections, it is awfully striking to a stranger, on its first appearance, and leads him involuntarily to venerate the piety and wisdom of our Saxon forefathers.

Among many other absurdities within the cathedral, half way up the north wing of the bipennated part of the cross, sits a grotesque figure, as large as life. His stockings are painted white, and gartered below knee with sable garters; his head——. But the whole is unworthy description, as I have seen better proportions taken from a gingerbread mould, or cut by a school-boy in a field turnip. The use of this suspended automaton is to tell the time. With his heels he describes the quarters, by kicking upon two bells; and, with hammer in

in hand, he clumsily thumps out the hour; while two men, without, clad in ancient armour, perform the same sort of service. There is also a very large clock, of some antiquity, but of very little use. At the top of it, are several horsemen, who, when put in motion, very closely resemble the roundabouts in Bartholomew Fair. In the south wing there is but little for our attention, except the caps of the lower pillars, some of which are beautifully managed by the artist; and one among many, is particularly interesting, and shews the high ability of those early times. The cap is worked into a fig tree, so as not to lose its proper outline; a boy has climbed the tree, and is in the act of plucking the fruit, when an old man below pinches his ear with a pair of tongs. The characters of the two countenances are well described: the horrors of the tormented boy, and the grin of his tormentor, are worthy the attention of the traveller, who may find a pleasure in contemplating the works of the ingenious. To look up the cross from the west door to the altar, is wonderfully interesting; and the basement of the tower, in its centre, has the effect of an immense cubical mass, cylindrically perforated, and bids fair to bear up its burden, like the basement of a mountain, which nothing can shake but an earthquake. Fully gratified with the rarities of Wells, I left the town about noon; and, after a very pleasant walk of five miles and a half, came in sight of the great Tor of Glastonbury, celebrated for an historical fact of much credit to the framers of the great Reformation, and the downfal of clerical pride.

GLASTONBURY TOR—FATE OF WHITTING.

The Parliament of England having abrogated the Pope's authority, the King—Henry VIII.—sent Dr. Lee through his dominions, to look into the conduct of those who were the heads of religious houses, with strict orders to report faithfully, that every enormity might be corrected, if disgraceful to religion, or oppressive to the subject. Upon the Doctor's coming to Glastonbury, he met Richard Whitting, the abbot, returning in great pomp to his monastery on the Tor Hill. This priest was attended by an hundred horsemen in rich liveries, and himself—proud prelate like—swelling at their head, as if he were ready to burst; at the same time looking so disdainfully on all beneath, that no tyrant in Barbary could equal his ridiculous self-importance. Dr. Lee, who was perfectly qualified for the task, presently described this conduct to his master, and shortly after was ordered to present a schedule to the abbot for his signature to the king's supremacy; when Whitting, with the greatest insolence, cast it to the ground, using strictures on Henry's conduct not of the most gentle nature; for which the abbot was arraigned, condemned, and hung by the neck, on a gibbet projecting from the top of his own Tor, as a beacon to priestly pride, inordinate arrogance, and uncharitable oppression.

What is particularly remarkable, the fate of Whitting was prophetically told by a monk of his own monastery, several years before its completion; and this I learn to have been the hand-writing on the wall—

From this tall Tor a tree shall rise,
Without or leaf or root;
Yet one strong branch shall glad the eyes,
And Whitting be the fruit.

Turning my back on this celebrated mountain, I entered the town of Glastonbury.

GLASTON-

GLASTONBURY TOWN.

Though at present the bed of dulness, and seat of inactivity, exhibits ample remains of its former splendour and consequence. Of the first it was deprived by the gross impositions of the monks; of the latter, by the impolicy of shutting out the sea, since when, the commerce that enriched Glastonbury has been divided between Bridgewater and Bristol, and Glastonbury become almost as unfrequented as a desert.

ST. DUNSTAN'S SHRINE.

It was in Glastonbury town the church raised a shrine to St. Dunstan, so rich, and so glorious, that it became the wonder of the world, which, together with the extraordinary miracles wrought by that saint, whom they pretended was deposited with them, brought devotees from all parts of Christendom; and the offerings were so rich and so numerous, that no religious fraternity could equal the church of Glastonbury. "Success makes people vain,' says the old proverb; and this was at length fully exemplified by these inflated priests. Their improvidence was their downfall; for, boasting too much of the friendship of St. Dunstan, they raised the jealousy of the arch-church at Canterbury to so high a degree, that the monks, for the honour of their relicks *, burst the iron bars which secured the real tomb of their silversmith saint, and calling all comers to look on his remains, and such testimonies as were incontrovertible, the Glastonbury imposture was soon silenced, and the pride of the monks received so deep a wound, that it could never after recover. Credulity was ashamed of its folly, and all Europe was inclined to resent the imposition, till, from political motives, the arch-powers of the church interfered, and the matter was forbidden to be spoken of by the laity.

HOLY THORN.

I had frequently heard of the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury; and of course could not help inquiring after so popular a curiosity. I was recommended where to apply for information, and it is but justice to say met with a very liberal minded gentleman, who was not only willing to inform me, but he also had a full grown Thorn, of the right description, at the bottom of his garden, to which he introduced me; and, as near as I can recollect, told me the following History of the Thorn of Glastonbury—

Shortly after the crucifixion, Joseph of Aramathea landed at this place, for the purpose of converting the barbarous Britons, which they were by no means inclined to listen to, without a miracle to confirm his mission: to this end, he led them to the top of Chedder, on a Christmas day, and striking his staff with great violence into the earth, the holy man, in the name of his master, commanded it to vegitate. In a moment the staff became a Thorn, branching and blowing, though in the time of winter, with as much sweetness and beauty as if it were the spring; and that every cion from the parent stem has continued to bloom on that day, and would, he made no doubt, to the world's end.

I asked this very respectable man if he believed this story himself?

He assured me he did; and that the fact was so well attested by the ancient church record, that he wondered how any one could doubt its authenticity. I told him the monks had been as busy in this fabrication

* See Goslin's walk in and about Canterbury.

 as

as in their shrine of St. Dunstan; and I hoped he would pardon me if I paid no more respect to the history of the Holy Shrub, than to that of the local Saint.

That the broad throat of credulity can gulp down such a tale for truth is not strange, or that the vulgar herd receive it for gospel I do not wonder at, but that the better informed men, given to reason well on other subjects, should defend such traditionary nonsense, strikes me with astonishment. To come nearer the matter, I inquired of a gentleman's gardener, who assured me that if the season was mild the Thorn would blow about Christmas, but if the winter turned out severe it was no more inclined to flower than in more eastern parts; that it was the mildness of the season only that directed its blowing twice in the year; and, as to the miracle, it was quite ridiculous.

THE ABBEY.

The Abbey of Glastonbury is the property of the person who keeps the White Hart inn, in the Town. It is a venerable piece of ruins, and most forcibly intimates the mutability of all earthly grandeur; for now, where the solemn dirge and the exalting hymn once filled the bosom with celestial fire, the mercenary has a fine crop of potatoes; the rich sculptured tower, where hung the matin bell that called the friar from his pillow to his God, is turned into a pigeon-house; and where the bodies of kings, princes, bishops, nobles, and the mighty of the land were solemnly deposited, my landlord puts his sea coal, old iron hoops, and other rubbish dedicated to Cloacina; where the brilliant shrine of St. Dunstan was wont to shine against the day star, and strike the superstitious devotee with reverential awe, while the artful priest drew the golden offering from his distended poke, now (O! mutability) the fattening swine make their filthy locations; while hungry rats feed on the pavement once measured by the sainted foot. To be brief, there is nothing left for our admiration but the great north door; that indeed exhibits, though so much mutilated, the remains of early magnificence: but alas! that, which once formed an arch for the grand entrance of an emperor, is now almost too low for the admission of a pigmy! nor is it likely that one stone may be left long upon another, for the innkeeper is continually selling the fragments; and there is barely a masonic repair made in the town but you may behold, worked in the face of the building, some piece of ornament once belonging to this sacred edifice.

SET DOWN AT BRIDGEWATER.

From this ancient resort of the religious, this Mecca of the Christian pilgrims, I took my road along a fine broad causeway, over the north extremity of the great Sedgemoor, first raised by the church of Glastonbury—the only good thing I have found of their doing, upon record—and, after enduring a heavy tempest, I arrived in good spirits at Bridgewater, where I found a pleasant caravansary; and here I recorded these things for your entertainment. Thus have I been buffeted by the saucy winds upon the mountains, scorched by dreadful lightnings in the vallies, and, on the unsheltered plains, drenched like a soused mackerel; thus have I passed the dreary Mendips, and undergone the perils and dangers of Wookey Hole; and all to gratify insatiable curiosity; which, if you approve, no greater remuneration will be required by your Quixotic friend,

T. N.

Farm Yard.

Subject of the Second Plate given in this Number,

THE FARM YARD,

A Sketch from Morland.—By Bell.

MAREL POTTER *v.* THOMAS BARNETT.

A Law Case, tried in the Court of King's Bench, February 4, 1804.

THE plaintiff, in this cause, is a dashing belle, in the suite of the Paphian Goddess. She had fitted up a house in all the parade of modern extravagance, in the vicinity of Fitzroy Square; and debts and bailiffs, the natural consequences of such profusion, occasioned some inconvenience. In these circumstances, she applied to Thomas Barnett, an auctioneer, for the loan of L.250, which he advanced to supply her necessities; but as he was too much a man of business, and too little a man of pleasure, to confide in the honour and punctuality of our British Aspasia, he had a bond of the lady, with a warrant of attorney, to confess judgment, and also a bill of sale of the sofas, pier glasses, girandoles, &c. The auctioneer had an eye to his profits, and lent this money in hope that all would pass under his own hammer. The lady, however, had no such design; she had answered her immediate purposes, and for her less pressing exigencies, she trusted to the politeness and liberality of Col. Antrobus, who was at Newmarket. To him she imparted her painful situation, which the confidence of friendship could alone permit her to disclose. The Colonel flew to her relief on the wings of love, wiped away the tear of affliction, and sent for the defendant, Thomas Barnett, to discharge the debt.

Mr. Festus Philips proved the negotiation, and that he was present when Mr. Barnett, an attorney, and agent for Mr. Barnett the auctioneer, paid to Mrs. Potter the sum of L.250. He stated also, that the same goods were afterwards sold, under an execution, for L.600. In cross-examination, he said he was a sheriff's officer, and sometimes lent his credit to his friends, to recover them the ready in time of need; and in order to oblige his friend Mrs. Potter, he endeavoured to negotiate the business with Barnett.

Colonel Antrobus said, that being at Newmarket, he received a letter from Mrs. Potter, in which she stated, that Barnett had threatened to seize her goods, under the bill of sale. He immediately came to Town, sent for Barnett, and tendered him the L.250, with interest, and L.7 : 10s. for his commission upon valuing the goods, as a *douceur*; but Mr. Barnett refused to take it, and insisted upon having L.300, saying, that he had absolutely purchased the goods, and that he had left Mrs. Potter in possession, merely to give her an opportunity of repurchasing them, if she could; and that he would re-sell them for L.300, and not less. The Colonel told him that he was a d——d scoundrel, and that he was minded to kick him out of the house; but, upon better thoughts, he paid him the L.300, to save the goods; being determined to bring an action for the surplus above what he was entitled to. On cross-examination, he said, he kept Mrs. Potter, by living with her in her house, but that the goods were her's. He was now a prisoner in the Fleet, and she voluntarily shared his confinement, to salace his heavy hours; but he denied that he was interested in the event of the cause.

The bill of sale was put in, which, on the face of it, appeared an absolute transfer of the goods.

Lord

Lord Ellenborough told the jury, that many legal instruments, which appeared to be absolute upon the face of them, were only meant to give security for contingent events. He left it for them to say whether, from the circumstance of only half the value being paid for these goods, and the plaintiff was in possession a month after the bill of sale, it was any thing more than a loan.

The jury found for the plaintiff for L.32 : 0 : 6, all above the L.250 lent, interest and commission.

The verdict being given, Lord Ellenborough said, he hoped Mr. Barnett would not shew himself again in court in a like character.

PEDESTRIAN WAGER.

ON Friday, the 10th instant, a young man, of the name of Gregory, set out from St. John's Street, to walk fifty miles on the Hertfordshire road, which he engaged to perform in twelve hours. The original bet was for only ten guineas; but a considerable sum was sported, many supposing he would accomplish it in a much shorter time than was allowed. He started at six in the morning, passed through Hatfield between nine and ten, and reached Welwyn, twenty-five miles distant, before eleven, where he stayed a short time, and then returned. He arrived at the place from whence he started, twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, apparently very little fatigued.

The same person has offered to bet any sum, that he will go over the three bridges, beginning at the foot of London Bridge, take St. Paul's in his way, round which he will go twice, then over to the Surry side of Blackfriars, and on to the Middlesex side of Westminster Bridge, in thirty minutes. He will not, however, in this case, be confined to walking; but is, in sporting language, to make *the best of his way.*

AGILITY AND CRUELTY.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

READING in the last Number of your justly admired miscellany, page 173, the very entertaining ramble of your ingenious correspondent T. N. to Taunton, and its vicinity, it brought to my recollection the following extraordinary instance of agility and cruelty acted in that neighbourhood.

Your's, &c. J. J. B.

Feb. 9, 1804.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Sedgemoor, where the Duke of Monmouth's army was defeated by the King's forces, commanded by the Earl of Feversham, he ordered twenty two of the prisoners to be hanged on the spot, four of whom were hanged in chains.

The fate of one man in particular is too extraordinary to be passed over. This person, who was remarkably swift of foot, was prevailed upon, on the condition of being pardoned, to entertain the general with an instance of his agility. Accordingly, having stripped himself naked, a halter was put round his neck, and the other end of it round the neck of a horse. They started at a place called Bussex-rhine, and ran from thence to Brintsfield bridge, a distance somewhat exceeding half a mile; and, though the horse went at full speed, the man kept pace with him the whole way. But, notwithstanding this exertion of his agility, and the terms of the agreement, the inhuman general ordered him to be hanged with the rest.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A CLERGYMAN seeing his son about to drink a glass of brandy, said—"Son, don't drink that filthy stuff; ardent spirits is the worst enemy you have." "I know that, father," replied the son; "but you know we are commanded to *love our enemies*—so, here it goes."

THE Lady of a new-made Knight, being asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, because her physician had put her upon a *regiment*, which was, to drink water. "Then, Madam," said a gentleman present, "I presume you belong to the *Coldstream*."

BON MOT.—A fellow being brought to the bar some time ago, to answer for a misdemeanor, told his prosecutor, that he could convict him of being both a *thief* and a *murderer!*—Upon being required to *prove* his assertion—"Why," said he, "you ugly villain, you killed a *monkey*, and you *stole* his countenance."

IT has been observed of Mr. Lauden Gordon, that, though an *interpreter* of *dreams*, he is no *Joseph!*

THE *Kitchen* of a noble duke at the West End of the Town, has been lately thrown into a dreadful uproar, on account of the *Cook* having received a letter addressed, "Thomas ——, *a Skewer*."

THE following is an exact manuscript note, written by a German bookseller to one of his authors—"I have just received half a dozen *lean* English octavos, which you must *fatten* up as so many quartos, for the Leipsick fair. I send you a large quantity of *paste*, with a new pair of *scissars*."

A CALEDONIAN lass, soon after her arrival in London, was sent by a near relation to the *White Hart* in Bishopsgate Street. After examining every sign in the said street, she returned, saying she could not find it; upon which her relative accompanied her, and, pointing up to the sign, said, "This is it." "Oot," replied the North Briton, "do you call this a *Heart?* why it is a great white *Beasty!*"

HEROIC DRUMMER.—In the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was, he replied—"A drummer in the English service." This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the French general's suspicion. However, he desired him to beat a retreat. "A retreat, Sir!" replied the

the Briton; "we don't know what that is in the English service." The answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

LATELY, in the Court of King's Bench, a witness, named Lincoln, was called to prove a hand-writing; and having looked at the paper for some time without speaking, Mr. Erskine exclaimed, "Well, Sir, what is your belief? Don't let the *Devil* overlook *Lincoln*, but give us your belief of the hand-writing." The witness, with great composure, turned round and said—"I did not observe, Sir, that *you* were looking over me; and as for the hand-writing, I can form no judgment." The court was convulsed with laughter.

A YOUNG nobleman, a few evenings since, at Drury Lane Theatre, observed, "that it was a pity Cinderella did not speak." A very beautiful woman, with a pair of bright sparklers, replied, "Then, Sir, I perceive you do not understand the language of the eyes." "Not till this moment, Madam," returned his Lordship, with a languishing look. The lady sent the shaft so forcibly, that it is imagined the wound can be cured only at Hymen's altar.

THE Duchess of Devonshire, while waiting in her carriage one day in the streets of London, observed a dustman, with a short pipe in his hand, looking at her. Having gazed a few seconds with intenseness, he broke into a smile, and said—"Lord love your Ladyship, I wish you would let me light my pipe at your eyes!" Her Grace took it in good part, and was so pleased with the whimsical frankness of the compliment, that when any thing civil is said to her, she often remarks—"Very well; but nothing like the dustman."

ON a great female performer's fainting at the Oratorio, lately, an ignorant attendant poured some *undiluted* hortshorn down her throat. On coming to herself, she exclaimed—"Curse you, you b—g—d, that's *real* hartshorn!"

IRISH BON MOT.—"*Paddy*," said an Englishman, "why are you so apt to make *Blunders?*" "Because, *Johnny*, I have such a regard for my dear friends—the *Bulls*."

ANOTHER DREAM.—A revery of singular import was lately, in Bow Street, submitted to Mr. Bond and Sir W. Parsons, who acted as interpreters upon the occasion. A Mrs. Dietritchen, of Newman Street, exhibited articles of peace against her husband, and, among other outrages, stated, that on Sunday sennight, at breakfast, he told her he had dreamed a dream, and if ever it came true, he would take up the first knife he could get, and stab her. The husband at first declined mentioning the particulars of his dream; but, upon being pressed by the magistrates, declared that he had dreamed his wife was false, and what he had uttered was under the influence of the "green-eyed monster." The interpretation of the dream was so unfavourable to the husband, that, in default of bail, Queen Mab must have paid him her next visit in Bridewell.

INSTEAD of *hearts*, *darts*, and *Cupids*, with their usual *precious poetry*, a considerable portion of the last *Valentines* contained drawings of a beautiful bed with *yellow curtains*, with an annexed statement of some very charming *dreams*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

COURSING PRECEDENT.—The case now submitted to the Jockey Club, between the greyhounds of Mr. Durand, from Surry, and Mr. Wright, from Essex, [see last Magazine, page 169] is somewhat similar to one that arose at the last Malton Coursing, in February, 1803.——Mr. Plumer, and Mr. Lee, matched two dogs for a piece of plate against two of Major Topham's, of the breed of Snowball. The weather proving a hard frost on the week of the meeting, Major Topham sent his dogs the week following; when, the dogs of Mr. Plumer and Mr. Lee not appearing, he claimed the forfeiture of the matches; and, concluding he had a right to receive the plate, it was ordered in consequence. The losers appealed to the next Malton Meeting, in November, when it was determined, "That, as the weather prevented the meeting at the time intended, it should be considered as no meeting, and that the matches were off."—Whether this decision will have any influence on that of the Jockey Club is uncertain.

The Swaffham Coursing Society held another meeting early last month. Mr. Hammond's Wastacre Field is, perhaps, as trying a country as any in England; but the well-bred and high trained dogs of Sir John Sebright, Sir Samuel Fludyer, Mr. Moseley, and Mr. Dashwood, are but too apt to beat all before them.

Lord Craven's greyhounds, at Ashdown Park, are managed by Mr. Thornhill.—His Lordship's breed are excellent, and can beat any dogs in their own country; but they are not attended to as in the time of the late Earl. The present nobleman seldom visits the meeting.

Mr. Stead, having left Berkshire, has been a considerable drawback. The competition which existed for years between him and Mr. Pickering kept the club alive.

The Yorkshire dogs certainly are good-bottomed; and, were an equal number of South Country to be matched against an equal number from the North, then indeed "wou'd be the tug of war"—but a dispute about the country has almost invariably broken all plans of such a meeting. From the experience which has already been had, we are apt to conclude that each dog would win in his own country—as was the case between the Ashdown Park Society, and the Swaffham Society.—This arises, probably, from the difficulty of travelling a greyhound so as to continue him in that high condition which is absolutely necessary for such a contest. The poet says—

"Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans-mare currunt."

This, however, does not hold good as to the brute creation; for it is known, that both a game cock and

a bull dog degenerate most amazingly when they leave their native country.

Lincolnshire produces good greyhounds, but they cannot run a hill country—for which both Lord Craven and Lord Orford's dogs were famous.

Mr. Swinfen, who has the whole range of Warwickshire and Staffordshire to breed from, challenges all England. In his training, he is as unrivalled as he is in hospitality.

The Marquis, and indeed the Marchioness of Townshend, in gegeral honour the Norfolk Meetings, by sending two or three brace of the *old blood*.

Mr. Mansfield, the worthy Judge of Chester, is among the most ardent admirers of this sport; and what little time he can spare from his valuable public avocations, is generally devoted to attend the Berkshire Meetings—although very near sighted, he is the boldest rider in the field.

Sir C. Bunbury occasionally runs a dog or two at Newmarket; but, unlike the wag of former days, the worthy Baronet does not like to bet upon things that *can't* speak nor understand.

Mr. Durand, M. P. for Maidstone, alike successful in all his undertakings, where liberality has any influence, can always produce several high bred and well-conditioned dogs; they are, however, apt to *run foul*.—Perhaps, in the whole of his life, or his establishment, it is the only occasion where such an epithet can be applied.

The Malton Coursing Meeting, which has been so long delayed by the bad weather, was to take place, we understand, on Tuesday the 27th instant. The members were to meet on that day, and the first public coursing day to be the next day, Wednesday.

The Spring Coursing Meeting, at Ashdown Park, near Lambourn, passed off without any sport, for want of dogs.

Pedestrian Match.—The sporting world was much disappointed, on Monday, the 16th instant. They expected to have witnessed a performance, of the pedestrian kind, the like of which had never been attempted—Mr. Barclay, who, it may be remembered, won a considerable sum of money about two years ago, in Yorkshire, by walking ninety miles in nineteen hours, a few days previous to the above date, over a bottle, agreed with a sporting friend to walk twenty-three miles in three hours, for a wager of two hundred guineas. It was intended that he should start a little beyond Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, and finish at the Royal Exchange, London; which was the distance required. In order that he might not be interrupted on the road, it was agreed that he should set off at five o'clock in the morning. Mr. Barclay had been living in town for some time, and was rather out of condition to be expected to perform so great a feat; and had only since the previous Saturday to train himself; notwithstanding which, almost any odds might be had that Mr. Barclay would complete his task. Several gentlemen left town on the Sunday, to see the pedestrian start, and accompany him to town on horseback. The crowd that went to meet him on the road was immense; while many of the gentleman's friends waited for him at eight o'clock, at the Royal Exchange; where they expected to meet him according to appointment. Their surprise, however, was great in the extreme, when they waited several hours beyond the time without seeing or hearing from him.

Many

Many of the equestrians went several miles on the Edmonton road, but saw no more than those who remained in town. Whether Mr. Barclay had been taken ill, or his friend paid forfeit, which prevented the match, we are not even now able to say.

MR. WINTER, a baker, for a bet of forty guineas, lately walked from Norwich to Yarmouth, a distance of nearly twenty four miles, in five hours and a half, carrying 40lbs. weight of bran in a basket. He was allowed six hours, but performed it in the time stated with ease.

ON Wednesday, the 1st instant, was decided, at Reding Street, Kent, a match of some consequence, 2-mile heat, between Capt. Backhouse's chesnut gelding, Pic Nic, and Capt. Bowles's bay gelding, Slap Bang, rode by the owners.—The race was well contested, and handsomely won by the former, although 3 to 1 against Pic Nic at starting.

ONE day in the present month, Mr. Claridge started from Hyde Park Corner, about eleven o'clock, to trot his mare thirteen miles on the Richmond road in an hour, for a wager of twenty guineas; which he performed in two minutes and a half less than the given time. At starting, the odds were four to one against her. It was agreed, if she got into a gallop, she was to stop and turn about, which she did several times.

PONTEFRACT COCKINGS.—The main of cocks fought between the 20th and 25th instant, at the Red Lion, Pontefract, between Mr. W. Lee, (Burnell, feeder) and Mr. E. L. Hodgson, (Fothergill, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, was won by the former, three a head.

THE magistrates of Nottingham have prohibited cock-fighting within the liberties of that town, and have notified to all innkeepers who tolerate such barbarous amusements, that their licences will be forfeited.

GREAT RIDING MATCH.—We understand a bet has been made, to take place in six months from this time, by a gentleman who engages to ride from the city of London to York in twelve hours. He is to change horses on the road as often as he pleases.—The bet is for 1000gs.

IT has long been a matter of regret, that several idle fellows should be suffered to parade the fields in the vicinity of the metropolis, on Sundays, with guns in their hands, for the purpose of shooting small birds, but which too frequently endanger the lives of people passing within gun-shot. An accident, however, was occasioned on Sunday the 19th instant, by a person of the above description, which may be the means of putting a stop to such practices in future. Three men were shooting larks in Battersea fields, when they followed the birds so near to a house, that, on firing, one of them shot a little boy who was playing at a short distance from the door. As soon as the cries of the child convinced the man of his imprudence, he threw down the gun and ran away. He was pursued without success; but his two companions were taken into custody.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.—In the Court of Common Pleas, a few days ago, a cause was tried, in which a horse-dealer was charged with having sold an *unsound* horse. The circumstance is a common one; but it induced Lord Alvanley to tell the following story—

"Some years ago," said his Lordship, "an action was brought against a gentleman

a gentleman at the bar, respecting a horse, which he wanted to go the circuit. The horse was taken home, and his servant mounted him to shew his paces; when he was on the animal's back he would not stir a step. He tried to turn him *round* and *round*; but all would not do; he was determined not to go *the circuit*. The horse-dealer was informed of the animal's obstinacy, and asked how he came to sell such a horse. "Well," said the dealer, "it can't be helped; but I'll tell you what I'll do—give me back the horse, and allow me L.5 and we'll settle the affair." The barrister refused, and advised him to send the horse to be broke in by a *rough-rider*. "Rough-rider!" said the dealer, "he has been to rough riders enough."—"How came you to sell me a horse that would not go?" replied the barrister. "I sold you a horse, *warranted sound*, and sound he is," said the dealer; "but as to his going, I never thought *he would go*."

On the 10th of February inst. Robert Coates, of Hadleigh, white-smith; James Payne, of the same place, blacksmith; and Robert Reason, of the same place, labourer; were severally convicted before the magistrates at their petty sessions there, viz Robert Coates in the penalty of L 10, and James Payne, and Robert Reason—upon their own confession—in the penalty of 20s. each, for tracing a hare, on Sunday the 8th day of January last, in the day time. The magistrates acting for the Hundred of Cosford, having reason to believe that this abominable practice of profaning the Sabbath by poaching, is a growing evil, are determined to put the existing laws in full force, and in future to convict all persons guilty of this offence in the heaviest penalties inflicted by the Game Laws.

One day this month, Mr. Gwynne shot, on the margin of Lewes river, Sussex, a Manchot, or Southern Penguin, a bird but rarely seen in these parts. The feathers on its breast and belly were white, and bore a gloss equal to the finest satin.

On Saturday the 21st ult. a milk-white woodcock was shot by the gamekeeper of A. Ludlow, Esq. in the woods adjacent to Heywood House, near Westbury, Wilts, which is preserved as a great curiosity.

Lately died, at Newmarket, Mr. Thomas Wormald, journeyman blacksmith to Mrs Edmundson, supposed to be the most experienced shoer of race-horses in the kingdom.

Deaths of Sportsmen.—At Tinderhook, in America, Mr. Beverly Bennett, a worthy young man, aged 25, was killed in the following manner—With some other young men, he was setting off on a fowling party; some of them were pushing off the canoe, in which a gun was laid—the lock supposed to be half-cocked, when the motion of the canoe shaking the piece, it went off and discharged the contents into Mr. B.'s head, blowing out his eyes, and entering the skull, by which he fell down dead.

On the 31st of January, died Mr. Benjamin Wood, of Benckhole, near Dorchester, aged 71, a well known fox-hunter.

On the 2d instant, died, aged 97, Mr. John Hill, of Turley Green, county of Salop. He was well known in his neighbourhood for his wit and vivacity; and such was his love for the sports of the field, that he joined in the chase only a fortnight previous to his death.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE HEN AND HAT-BOX.

YE Captains brave, who guard the land,
And 'mong our misses raise a racket,
May Fortune take you by the hand!
O'er hat and helmet spread her power,
Like an umbrella in a shower,
That not a drop may stain a jacket!

Fear not, my lads, my harmless muse;
Like you, she's fond of noise and joking;
In gall her pen she ne'er imbues.
Fear not, she rules a harmless quill;
Fear not a yard-long taylor's bill,
Or challenge, ague fits provoking.

In Dublin, where all people smile,
And bless the May'r and Corporation,
A Captain from the sister isle,
Whose phiz out-circled harvest moons,
Gave law to forty light dragoons,
A very honour to the nation.

Prudence he had—a gift so rare—
And liv'd in economic manner;
Could calculate all wear and tear,
And from his pay could save a store,
Which never wight could do before,
Who follow'd regimental banner.

He had a hat, and eke a box
To shield it—though no longer sable—
And as he knew full well that cocks
Are rather free of horses' corn,
To watch the forage night and morn,
He chose his lodging near his stable.

An egg he lov'd—but then the price!
A penny! monstrous! 'twas exceeding!
So he thought him in a trice,
And bought a fowl for eighteen pence,
And turn'd her to the yard—with sense—
To fatten upon gratis feeding.

And watching each succeeding day,
He knew the hour, the very minute,
When fertile chuck her egg would lay.
To catch the prize he hied well pleas'd,
—The hat turn'd out—the box he seiz'd,
And caught poor chuck, and clapp'd her in it.

One morn, to chase the teeming hen,
He early left his bed and bolster.
Lo! orders came to march his men:
Loth thus to lose a fowl, our buck
Wrung the poor neck of faithful chuck,
And clapp'd her, smoking, in his holster.

BRIMBER CRACK.

SONG.

TUNE—*I sit like a Turk.*

EACH has his humour and whim—and why not?
Let enterprise nourish what spirit begot.
If hobbies are harmless, as hobbies may be,
You all may have hobbies, my hearties, for me.

Let

Let fancy have swing, in your choice unconfin'd,
Let each choose his hobby, and mount to his mind:
But, thanks to our host, we're well mounted already;
Then push on with spirit—and, damn it, sit steady.

Let's cast an eye round upon life's Rotten Row:
All mounted, see hither and thither they go;
The head some bestride, some the tail, some the middle;
One rides a huge jack-boot, another a fiddle.

One gallops about on the news of the day;
Another on pictures, another on play;
A Hector rides bold on the thousands he slew;
A sage ambles soft on a stuff'd cockatoo.

The knight, on the star that to knighthood is due,
Or high on a ribbon, red, orange, or blue;
The turtle-fed cit, on a knife, fork, and spoon;
And Will, on a telescope, right to the moon.

With heart ever open, and eye-lids half shut,
A jolly, bluff dog rides across a full butt:
By Jove he's well mounted, we all love a glass;
But the hobby of hobbies, my lads, is a lass.

BRIMBER CRACK.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Written by the Author of the Comedy.
Spoken by Mr. Pope.

THE wretch condemn'd, who pines in silent sorrow,
And fears the dawn of th' all-dreadful morrow,
When, from this earth, his soul must take her flight,
The realms to seek of all-eternal night—
As he the awful scaffold slowly climbs,
And dreads the vengeance that attends his crimes—
Hope—like a smiling cherub, opes her gate,
And points out Mercy on her throne of state!
Justice, obedient to the white-rob'd maid,
Sheaths her drawn sword, and grants her willing aid.
So—the scar'd author of our play to-night,
Dreads—ev'n these lamps, that bring his crimes to light.
Tho' chilling dew-drops mark the culprit's fear,
He knows your justice—if his cause you hear;
But shou'd his guilt excite th' critic fury,
His hope is—Mercy—from an English Jury!
A home-spun fabric he presents to view,
Devis'd, constructed, and prepar'd, for you:—
From Nature drawn—and fed with Nature's food,
His men and women—merely flesh and blood!
Thro' his rude scenes Benevolence holds place,
To chase the tear from off pale sorrow's face;
Cheer the sad husband, and the faithful wife,
And fain wou'd smooth the rugged road of life.
A youthful merchant ventures on this shore,
(Where many a merchant has been seen before),
Ye Sons of Commerce, grant your pow'rful aid,
And give your voices—in support of trade!
He adds thereto—to fill his vary'd scene,
A sprightly fair one of no vulgar mien,
From Nature's school, with virtue's precepts taught her,
A Yeoman's Widow, and a Soldier's Daughter.

All

All English growth—from garden, forest, field—
Some perfum'd flowers—while some a poison yield;—
Who, from his native land, all ill can root?
Ev'n Eden's garden nurs'd forbidden fruit!
Our author, therefore, if his schemes you scan,
But shews the danger, to preserve the man.—
If, in these home-made scenes, he bade me say,
You aught can find to send you pleas'd away;
If woe domestic can its griefs impart,
Or sportive pleasure animate the heart,
At both he aims—and shou'd his schemes succeed,
Your gen'rous plaudits make him blest indeed!
If with your smiles you greet his first endeavour,
You bind him yours, for ever and for ever!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Written by the Author—Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly ty'd;
Before I change the widow for the bride;
Once more at this tribunal I appear,
Nor doubt your favour to a Volunteer.
Such am I now—though not by martial laws,
I volunteer it—in an author's cause;
This, his first bantling, could your candour spare,
And take his offspring to your fost'ring care—
Nurtur'd by you, the tendril slip may root,
And fairer blossoms from its branches shoot.
Like puppies born are all dramatic brats—
For nine long days they are as blind as bats;
Poor crawling creatures, sons of care and night,
Then let this live till it can see the light;
And shou'd you foster it to twenty-one,
Why then——Oh, no———
Dramatic bantlings never go alone:
Unlike mankind, if once the nurse forsake 'em,
They die by inches—and the dogs wont take 'em!
Say, is the day our own—how goes my cause?
You needn't speak—I'll judge by your applause.
'Tis well—this approbation's cheering;—
I claim some merit from my volunteering;—
Not like the hardy sons of Albion's soil,
Disdaining peril, and severest toil;
A mass of subjects in one loyal band,
To drive the spoiler from their native land;
And future tyrants teach that host to fear
Who boasts the name of British Volunteer!
Ladies—I one proposal fair wou'd make,
And trust you'll hear it, for your country's sake—
While glory animates each manly nerve,
Should British women from the contest swerve;
No!——We'll form a female army—of Reserve;
And class them thus—Old Maids are pioneers;
Widows, sharp-shooters—Wives are fuzileers;
Maids are battalion—that's—all under twenty—
And as for *light troops*—we have those in plenty!
Vixens the trumpet blow—Scolds beat the drum—
When thus prepar'd—what enemy dare come?
Those eyes that even Britons cou'd enslave,
Will serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave;
So shall th' artillery of British charms
Repel invaders, without force of arms!——
If this succeeds—as I the scheme have plann'd,
I expect, at least, the honour of command:—

I have

I have—an Aid—De Camp—behind the scene
Who all this winter in the Camp has been;
Inur'd to service in the tented field,
She can, with ease, the pond'rous musket wield!
The martial skill she shall impart to you,
Which on this spot, so oft has had review;—
Then, tremble France! since British women can
A firelock handle—as they do a fan!
Now, Brother Soldiers—dare I sisters join?—
If you this night your efforts should combine,
To save our corps from anxious hope and fear,
And send out mercy—as a Volunteer!
To whose white banner, should the critics flock,
Our rallying numbers might sustain th' shock,
The sword shall drop—then cease impending slaughter,
If mercy's shield protects the—Soldier's Daughter.

LINES,

On the Death of Mr. Charles Russell, Rectorial Clerk of Bath, well known for his vocal Abilities.

FAREWEL, honest fellow! poor Russell, farewel!
How sad on mine ears strikes that dull muffled bell,
Proclaiming, with solemn and slow-pacing sound,
"For a much-valued brother, prepare the cold ground;
His book is now clos'd, all his duties are o'er,
And responses devout will he utter no more!"
Poor Russell! how oft the deep tones of thy voice
Made this bosom, now throbbing, with rapture rejoice!
How oft has thy converse, and sterling sound sense,
Wit and humour divested of guile or offence,
Enliven'd the hours of winter's long nights,
And made them one scene of dear social delights!
With superiors how chaste, how prudent thy plan!
Unassuming, yet never forgetting the man;
What was due to superiors still ready to pay,
Yet with spirit repelling pride's arrogant sway!
In harmony's round, I thy merits can trace,
How perfect thine ear, and how mellow thy bass!
In thy duties to God, thy first and last care,
How attentive, how fervent, how pious, sincere!
All who knew thee, lament thee, most valued of men!
Chaunt sad thy *Finale*, and sigh thy—*Amen.*

HUNTING SONG.

AS health, rosy health, from cheerfulness flows,
And sloth draws old age on apace,
To avoid sad disease, and such mortal foes,
By cheerfully joining the chace,
To the woods then let's haste—Diana invites,
And thus does the goddess report—
"If you wish to gain health, with much joy and delight,
Mount your coursers, and follow the sport."

For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chase,
Those charms which but hunters enjoy,
There we see a strong picture of life's eager race,
In a pastime that never can cloy:
Then at night, when the chase has bestow'd all its charms,
And we're snug o'er the joy-giving bowl,
To repose we retire, in beauty's soft arms,
Where transports envelope the soul.